HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XVI.—No. 816.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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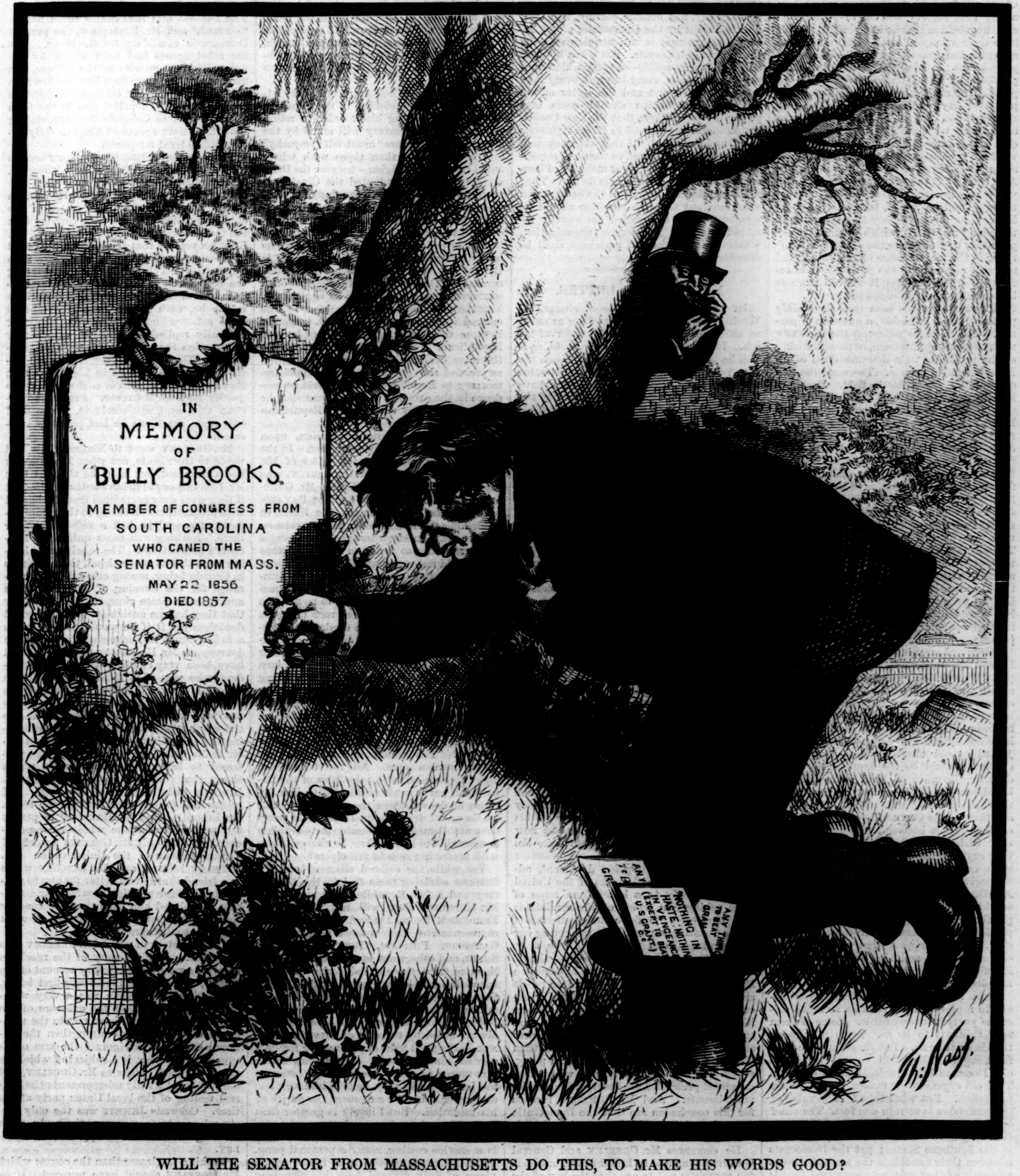
IN MEMORY OF "BULLY BROOKS" MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA WHO CANED THE SENATOR FROM MASS. MAY 22 1856 DIED 1857
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"NOTHING IN HASTE: NOTHING IN VENGEANCE (EXCEPT TO BEAT U. S. GRANT.) C. S.
ANY THING TO BEAT GRAN
Th: Nast.

WILL THE SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS DO THIS, TO MAKE HIS WORDS GOOD?

"Pile up the ashes, extinguish the flames, *abolish the hate*—such is my desire."—SUMNER'S LETTER, *July* 29, 1872.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 17, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of Harper's Magazine *is commenced a* new novel *by* Charles Reade, *entitled* "A Simpleton: a Story of the Day."

A new novel by Wilkie Collins *will be commenced in the October Number of the* Magazine.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* Harper's Magazine *from the commencement of* Charles Reade's *story, in the August Number*, 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November*, 1873—*making* Sixteen Numbers—for Four Dollars.

A DEMOCRATIC RESTORATION.

THOSE who suppose that the opposition to a Democratic restoration springs from a fear that slavery will be re-established and the rebellion renewed do very little credit to their own good sense. But even more absurd is the grave assertion made in some papers that the adoption of the Cincinnati platform by the Democratic party is the proof of the entire change of opinion of that party. Party tendencies do not change by the resolution of a convention of those who are burning with anxiety to return to power. The question for sensible people is not whether the Democratic party will restore slavery, but whether it will respect liberty. And, again, it is not whether the Republican party may not have erred, and even sometimes abused its power, but whether there is any thing in the history and character of the Democratic party which justifies the expectation that either in the defense of liberty, or in the maintenance of individual and national rights, or in the prosecution of reforms of administration, it will do more or better than the Republican party.

The campaign has been thus far mainly personal, but it is, in fact, a question of parties. The effort to represent the Greeley movement as non-partisan, or as an uprising of the people, or as a determination of reform, has failed utterly. There are the two old familiar parties in the field. Each has its regular organization. Each has its national, State, and local committees. The Liberal Republicans are merely seceders to the Democratic ranks. They have not, indeed, become Democrats. But they make the palpable mistake of insisting that the Democrats have ceased to be such. Except for the Democratic adoption of Mr. Greeley, he would not carry a single State. The Liberal Republican vote, therefore, will merely swell the Democratic. Indeed, the distinction was plainly lost in North Carolina. The election there was a simple issue between the Democrats and the Republicans, and Mr. Schurz went down and supported the Democratic ticket. Indeed, so wholly had he accepted the situation in which he has placed himself that he spoke of "the Southern people" as if only white men were persons.

The moral meaning of the attitude of the Liberal Republicans is that the Democratic party is more likely than the Republican to secure the objects which the country now chiefly needs. To say that they are acting independently of party is childish. They have, indeed, left their own party, and they have not formed a new one. But they have joined an old one. Suppose that Judge Church should be the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. He will be adopted by the Liberal Republicans, and they will vote for him. Will they gravely say that Judge Church is not a Democrat, or that he has become a non-partisan? If they will, he certainly will not. Or will they say that Judge Church and his party have ceased to be Democrats in spite of themselves, and that their nomination of Mr. Greeley shows it? The Democrats would reply that they took the Cincinnati platform with the candidate, and that the platform is Democratic. In that case, however, it would appear that the tables are exactly turned, and that it is the Liberal Republicans who have become Democrats in spite of themselves.

Thus the attempt of Liberal Republicans to represent their position as independent of party is utterly futile. Some of them may think it to be so. Some may mean that it shall be so. But they have the facts for answer. They will vote to bring the old Democratic organization into power. That old organization makes, indeed, a new profession. But what then? The value of the profession is seen in one fact. The chief Democratic complaint of the Republicans is that they have established "a bayonet rule" in the Southern States; yet the Democrats adopt as their candidate the most strenuous advocate of that rule, who regretted that it could not be made severer. The absurdity and dishonesty of the Democratic action are equally apparent, and only those who are resolved not to see are blind to the truth that the Democratic party is playing the most desperate and perilous game for a return to power, and the Liberal Republicans are their allies.

But thoughtful and patriotic men oppose this Democratic restoration, not because they suppose that there will be any effort to reopen chattel slave markets, or forcibly to assault the Union, but because it would unsettle the settlements which, until the Democratic organization is dissolved, are sure only while the Republicans control the government, and because, therefore, there would be an indefinite postponement of the possibility of real reconciliation. The reconciliation which Mr. Schurz and his friends seek is impossible while the old Democratic organization lasts; yet they give their voices and their votes to its continuance. They protest manfully against the crack of the Republican whip, and yield their necks to the Democratic yoke. The Republican party, they say, has become corrupt, and they will replace it by the Democratic party, because it says that it will acquiesce in the Republican settlements. But when by their aid—if it were possible—a party which comprises every class, every interest, every man hostile to the spirit and the letter of the amended Constitution should come into power, do they believe that the new Constitution would be enforced in all its righteous spirit and purpose? If they do, they will learn at the election, and in the most significant manner, that the great majority of honest and intelligent Americans do not. They will learn that the brain and the heart which were resolved that the rebellion should be unconditionally suppressed are equally resolved that the Democratic organization, whatever its masks and pretenses, shall be dissolved.

MR. SUMNER'S LETTER.

By his letter to the colored citizens of Washington Mr. Sumner has done as much as he could do to reverse the work of his life. It has been his honorable pride, as it will be hereafter his glory, to have been the friend of the colored race. His abilities, his accomplishments, and his character have been steadily devoted to the service of the oppressed. He has been bitterly slandered and hated by those who were not wise enough to know that without justice there can be no permanent peace or prosperity in this country, and the brutal personal assault upon him during the Kansas debate is one of the significant events of our later political history. During the twenty-one years that he has served in the Senate—of which he is the oldest member—not a breath of suspicion has stained the purity of his character, and it is not the least of his services to his country that he has shown that a good man may pass unscathed through the fiery tempest of political and public life. The lackeys of slavery who now shout his praises can not understand and do not admire that which is the true glory of Charles Sumner.

Yet it is Mr. Sumner who, on the eve of an election in the State which has been harried by the Ku-Klux, writes a letter which makes the Ku-Klux laugh with glee, and confounds their victims. With what incredulity and dismay must the colored voters of North Carolina have learned that Charles Sumner had declared for the party which is the traditional enemy of equal rights, and which sought by the most desperate and bloody war to make slavery absolute and hopeless! They could have learned only the fact, for there was not time to read the letter. And it was a cruel chance that they were astounded by the knowledge of his conclusion, yet were not able to see how shadowy and utterly inadequate were the reasons that he alleged for it.

His letter is a campaign document, addressed to the colored voters of the United States, in reply to a letter from some of them asking him which of the candidates will, if elected, "enforce the requirements of the Constitution and laws respecting our civil and political rights with the most heart-felt sympathy and the greatest vigor." Mr. Sumner answers that in his opinion Mr. Greeley, supported by the late rebels and Copperheads, with the rest of the Democratic party and a few Republicans, is more likely to respect justice and equality, and enforce the amendments which they have steadily denounced as unconstitutional, than General Grant with the Republican party, which was born of liberty, and whose fundamental principles are incorporated in the amendments. And Mr. Sumner's reasons for this conclusion are that the Democratic party says that it will do so, and has nominated Mr. Greeley.

He compares Mr. Greeley and General Grant as men and as Republicans, but he is too sagacious not to see that the key of the position is not the personality of the candidates, but the spirit and tendency of their supporters. He knows that when he advises the colored citizens to vote with the Democratic party, it is not enough to say that he prefers the candidate, and he therefore deliberately declares that the Democratic party has become Republican. "They may continue Democrats in name, but they are in reality Republicans *by the same title* that those who sustain Republican principles are Republicans." A more astounding statement of the kind was never made. The very dead soldiers in their graves, Gettysburg, Shiloh, Fort Wagner, the Wilderness, protest against the monstrous assertion. Answer, Republicans, who sustained Fremont, and Lincoln twice, and Grant, and through the terrible war stood faithful, is your title to your name the declaration upon the eve of an election of a creed which you have always spurned? And you, Charles Sumner, answer, is the title of your Republicanism a parrot lip-service of yesterday, or the sincere and profound faith of your mind and heart and conscience, attested by the acts and words of your life? In the name of the immeasurable sorrow and ruin of the struggle, in the name of reason and truth, answer, is Toutant Beauregard a Republican by the same title with William Lloyd Garrison?

And that is the whole argument of the letter. Those who yesterday in the Southern States were devising black codes to retain the substance of slavery will stand by the colored race with more "heart-felt sympathy" and greater vigor than those with whom equal liberty is a religion—because the Democratic Convention adopted the Cincinnati platform! Those who to the day of the adjournment of Congress railed at Mr. Sumner's own Civil Rights bill as preposterous will respect more truly the rights which it was intended to protect than those who have always defended them! Why, then, is the colored vote banded as a virtual unit against the Democrats? Is the instinct of an oppressed race of no weight as against Mr. Sumner's hostility to the President? The colored voters are to support Mr. Greeley because the Democratic party has become Republican. Yet while Mr. Sumner accepts the mere declaration of a party convention as proof of the conversion of the whole Democracy to Republicanism, he finds no evidence in the career of the President that he has any sympathy whatever for Republican principles.

But this Democratic conversion, upon which the letter turns, is not a fact. In the papers which published the letter of Mr. Sumner was one from Mr. Groesbeck, who says, "I differ in politics" from Mr. Greeley. Senator Thurman, Senator Bayard, both say the same thing. The *World*, in publishing the letter, denies the conversion, and we mention elsewhere that the Georgia Democracy are so far from converted that they would not even put Liberal Republican names upon their electoral ticket. Mr. Sumner thinks that the profession of the Democratic party, longing to return to power, is a surer security to the colored race than the whole history and all the deeds of the Republican party. And he adds the extraordinary remark, that if valued friends differ from him, it is because they regard men more than principles! Nothing is wanting to the sorrowful character of this letter, for in the face of this assertion Mr. Sumner withdraws from the Republican party because of one man, and accepts the Democratic party as more Republican because of another! The whole election with him turns upon a man. All the tendencies, logic, necessities, facts, principles of the Republican party avail nothing with him, because he does not like the candidate. The whole moral drift of the Democratic party does not dismay him, because the candidate is agreeable to him. Does he charge others with preferring men to principles?

Yet while the colored citizens hear Mr. Sumner advising them to join the Democracy and a few Republicans in supporting Mr. Greeley, they will not forget that Frederick Douglass and their own most representative and trusted leaders, with Garrison, Phillips, Beecher, Gerrit Smith, and others not less honored, counsel them to trust those the sincerity of whose friendship has been tried as by fire, rather than the sweetest promises of foes whose selfish motive in promising is plain enough. Not without deep regret will those who have always stood by the side of Charles Sumner in the good fight of progressive freedom now see him turn away. Nor, as they watch him recede from the line which his presence has inspired, will they believe him any less sincere, or doubt for a moment the purity of his intention. But Liberty is greater than any of her champions, and those who aim to serve her in the state will learn that it is a service costing many a personal pang. What Mr. Sumner said to a friend whose views of duty differed from his own may now be said to himself: "You have taken a tremendous responsibility; God keep your conscience clear!"

MR. GREELEY AT NIAGARA.

The publication of the report of Mr. James P. Holcombe, one of the rebel agents in the Niagara peace negotiations of 1864, revives the consideration of Mr. Greeley's conduct at that time, which Mr. Lincoln always thought to have been so unkind and unjust to him. The facts are few, and are as follows:

During the summer of 1864, when Mr. Lincoln's re-election was pending, George N. Saunders invited a number of citizens who were known to be hostile to the Government to come to Niagara Falls and confer with Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, and Holcombe, the rebel emissaries. Among those who went from New York were the late Governor Hunt, and Benjamin Wood, now one of the chief supporters of Mr. Greeley. From Pennsylvania went "Jerry" Black, Buchanan's Secretary of State, who advised him that States could not be "coerced," and Mr. Buckalew, the present Democratic candidate for Governor. But the rebel agents had been struck by the tone of certain articles in the *Tribune*, and had heard intimations from New York, which led to a request to Mr. Greeley to join the conference. This reached him in the form of a letter from Colorado Jewett, stating that there were agents at Niagara fully authorized to treat for peace.

This communication Mr. Greeley sent to Mr. Lincoln in the letter which, probably, disheartened the President more than any military reverse of the war. It was, in fact, a suggestion from the editor of the chief Republican paper in the country that the Government should buy a peace. Mr. Lincoln replied that if Mr. Greeley found any person with a proposal for peace from Jefferson Davis in writing, embracing the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery, whatever else there might be, such person or persons should have safe-conduct to him. Mr. Greeley presently replied that he had satisfactory information that there were rebel negotiators at Niagara duly commissioned; although Holcombe says in his report that they had never written or said any thing to justify such an inference. President Lincoln then sent safe-conducts, to be used only upon the terms he had precisely indicated.

Mr. Greeley went to Niagara Falls and wrote to the agents, not what Mr. Lincoln had authorized, but what he thought that Mr. Lincoln ought to have authorized—that if they were duly accredited from Richmond with propositions "looking to the establishment of peace," he had a safe-conduct for them. Nothing was more unlike Mr. Lincoln's instructions. The rebel agents having no authority of the kind, their business in Canada being, among other things, to arrange for the burning of Northern cities and to raise peace riots, told Mr. Greeley that they had no authority, but they could doubtless get it if he would procure them a safe-conduct to Richmond, during which journey, as Mr. Holcombe says, they could have been very efficient spies. The President, who was of a different constitution from Mr. Greeley, replied by sending his secretary, Major John Hay, to Mr. Greeley with an open letter to be delivered to the rebel agents by Mr. Hay, and containing the original propositions of his first letter to Mr. Greeley. The rebel agents professed to believe, for Holcombe's report shows that they did not believe, that Mr. Lincoln had tried to deceive them. Of course the Copperheads echoed the story. Mr. Lincoln asked Mr. Greeley to permit the publication of the whole correspondence, omitting only Mr. Greeley's words of virtual despair of the Union cause. Mr. Greeley refused, and Mr. Lincoln wrote to a friend that it was better for him to submit to the false position in which Mr. Greeley had placed him than that the country should suffer from the publication of what might be so discouraging.

This is a story in which Mr. Greeley does not shine. In his history of the rebellion he gives a very unsatisfactory account of the matter, omitting the President's first letter, and saying that "there was a very wide-spread impression that the overture of the Confederates had not been met in the manner best calculated to strengthen the national cause and invigorate the arm of its supporters." That is a subject of which we are all as good judges as Mr. Greeley, and his statement wholly misrepresents the general feeling of the loyal Union party at the time. Colorado Jewett was the only person who made overtures, as the reply of the rebel agents to his letter apprised Mr. Greeley.

Nothing is clearer than the course which Mr. Greeley should have pursued. If he did not like the conditions proposed by the President for a safe-conduct, and could not induce him to change them, he should either have withdrawn from the mission or have done precisely what the President authorized. But he hopelessly confused every thing, and threw Mr. Lincoln into a false position by his letter to the rebel agents, which made it appear that the President had at first been willing to receive propositions without conditions, and then changed his mind and resolved to impose conditions. Indeed, in a parting letter to the rebels he regrets the sad issue of the business, "in consequence of the change made by the President;" whereas the truth is that the paper "To whom it may concern" was a mere repetition of the President's first letter to Mr. Greeley. Mr. Greeley, of course, meant well, and he says that he went reluctantly. But he had neither the temperament nor the qualities to deal with such an exigency. As a negotiator he was wax in the hands of those who are again hoping to get hold of him, as President.

THE TRUE CONTEST.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has been mentioned as a "Liberal Republican." The truth is that while Colonel Higginson, with many other Republicans, was dissatisfied with the displacement of Mr. Sumner and the opposition of some conspicuous Republicans to the reform of the civil service—a dissatisfaction which we shared and have freely expressed—yet when the alternative of General Grant with the Republicans or Mr. Greeley with the Democrats is presented, it is not difficult for him to decide which to support. In a letter to the *Woman's Journal*, Colonel Higginson says:

> "I ought in fairness to say that I am, on other grounds, a supporter of General Grant as the Republican nominee. If the Republicans had nominated somebody else, I should have liked it better; and if Mr. Greeley had been nominated by some other party, I should have liked him better than I now do. But so far as the individual nominees are concerned, I do not think the election of either would be half so great an evil as the excessive virulence with which the partisans of each are attacking the other. As for the Vice-Presidents, I have known Henry Wilson too many years not to prefer him to his rival. But it seems to me that the contest is becoming every day less one of nominees and more of party organizations. The lines between Republican and Democrat, indeed, appear likely to be drawn more closely than ever, because the Democratic party has the hope of a new lease of life; and this being the case, I am against it. As a friend of mine, a Roman Catholic convert, used meekly to say of herself that she was 'an unworthy but very bigoted Catholic,' so I am an unworthy and tolerably obstinate Republican, while the Democratic name or organization survives."

HOW IT IS DONE IN GEORGIA.

That the Liberal Republican movement, despite the pure intentions of some of its supporters, is used as a cat's-paw by the Democratic party is constantly illustrated, and in a manner which should open the eyes of the really patriotic men who are inclined to it by disappointment in the present Administration. The theory is that the Democratic party has now resolved to live cleanly, and has bent its fraternal soul wholly upon conciliation. In fact, the repentant party "a monk would be." But why is the couplet so stale, except that its appositeness is so constant? If any sincere inquirer wishes to know the real meaning of the present position of the Democratic party, let him consider the action of the late Democratic State Convention in Georgia.

On the 24th of July a number of gentlemen calling themselves Liberal Republicans, and who declared they were satisfied that they represented at least 15,000 Republican voters in Georgia, met at Atlanta, where the Democratic Convention was in session. These gentlemen, with ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown at their head, recounting what they consider to be the offenses of the Administration, and especially its subversion of State rights, resolved "to disregard party ties and party discipline, and to align themselves with the great conservative element of the Union," and "to place country above party," etc., etc. They resolved further and accordingly that there should be but one electoral ticket in the field, and respectfully proposed to the Democratic Convention to give "the Liberal Republicans" a modest representation upon that ticket. A conference committee upon each side was appointed, and took the matter into consideration.

The committees soon reported. The Democrats said that they thought the claim "intrinsically just and reasonable," but believing that it would be unacceptable to the Convention, they declined to recommend it, and asked to be discharged. The Liberal Republicans reported to their friends that they could not see the liberality of the Democratic invitation to harmonize with that party without representation upon the ticket, *but* that they would nevertheless do so, and would vote for the Democratic electoral ticket.

This, we suppose, illustrates the dissolution of the Democratic party and the eagerness of its members to join the great uprising of the people independent of party. The Liberal Republicans resolve "to disregard party ties and party discipline" only when they are Republican ties. But they are willing, even in the face of contemptuous insult, to submit to Democratic discipline. They "have not hesitated to place country above party," so long as it is the Republican party; but if the Democratic party requires them to sacrifice their claims, they yield.

The haughty refusal of the Democratic party of Georgia even to recognize the existence of the Liberal Republicans is the real spirit of that party every where in the country. They are willing to use Republican votes and Republican cries to help them into power. But what Union man in Georgia must not tremble as he sees this scornful rejection even of Liberal Republicans, and thinks that the scorners hope to succeed in the election? If they should succeed, how the Democratic party of Georgia would *reconcile* those who are known as friends of the Union!

A CORRECTION.

We should be sorry to do any injustice to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and we therefore state that the *Tribune* denies that he is the author of a remark which the *Weekly* attributed to him in its last issue.

MAWWORM.

Of all the Democratic cant in this campaign the most contemptible is the assertion that the Republicans seek to tear open the wounds of the war, and to thrive upon mad passions which should long since have been stilled. Is this to continue forever? asks Mawworm. Because we have had a terrible civil war are we never to forget it, but to go on from year to year fighting its battles over? Are we never to fraternize and be reconciled? Is morbid sectional hostility to be the basis of our politics? Oh no. Far from it. But this strain is not new. Mawworm asked this same question four years ago. He said that the settlements of the war, by which alone fraternity can be secured, were revolutionary and void; and wanted to know if we thought that we could scourge people into loving us. The war is over, we were told; the last gun was fired long ago. The foe does not contest the field. Why fight in the air? Why strike at shadows?

The beginnings of reconstruction were saluted with the same cry. Not to leave the late rebels to enact black codes, and to wreak their will upon the freedmen, was to tear open the wounds of the war and fight old battles. To declare equal civil rights was vindictive, and a cowardly abuse of power; it was trampling upon a heroic but unfortunate foe, and making heart-burnings immortal. The admission of all citizens to equal suffrage was greeted by Mawworm as a mad and wanton blow at an honorable and vanquished body of our fellow-countrymen. And when Mr. Wade Hampton and his late companions in arms came to Tammany Hall in 1868 and dictated the Democratic platform and nominated Frank Blair upon his Brodhead letter, and going home attempted the terrorization of the loyal vote in the Southern States, Mawworm did his little best to help him, asking whether conciliation did not become a great nation, and whether we could ever move out of the ghastly shadow of the war, if we persisted in tearing open its wounds.

He is now solemnly saying the same thing. What he means is that the party which opposed the war should be allowed to control the government. This is what he has always meant. What he understands by healing the wounds of the war is Democratic supremacy. If those who made the war could control the government of their own States and of the Union, Mawworm thinks that the wounds of the war would be healed.

Now there is one salve for those wounds, and one only. It is the continuous control of the government by those who believe sincerely in the good policy of equality and justice, and whose antecedents and education and traditions and tendencies are such that the country believes in that belief. Is the Democratic party, with the Liberal Republican accessions, made up of such persons? Is the Democratic party with Mr. Greeley at its head composed of such? Is the Democratic party intoning the Cincinnati platform such a party? If not, the wounds of the war will, according to Mawworm, continue to be torn open. That is to say, the American people, remembering the war, will take care that their government is administered by those who will sincerely respect the fundamental changes which it wrought.

PERSONAL.

Speaker Blaine has written a very strong letter in reply to Charles Sumner, sharply reviewing the honorable Senator's course, and showing his inconsistency in declaring for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

—General John A. Dix declares for President Grant in a letter of very great ability and force.

—Concerning editors, note the following: Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Greeley's principal competitor at Cincinnati, was early in life editor of a daily paper in Boston, called the *Republican*, and when he relinquished it it passed into the hands of Henry Wilson, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Colfax, the present Vice-President, was a printer and editor until he went to Congress, and Mr. Gratz Brown is editor of the Missouri *Republican*. Senator Anthony, the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, is editor of the Providence *Journal*. Mr. Speaker Blaine was for many years editor of the Portland *Advertiser*. Senator Cameron, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, is a practical printer, and many of the leading men in both branches of Congress are or have been editors: Brooks, Cox, Roberts, Kinsella, Roosevelt, Brownlow, and Getz.

—General Buell's war-horse, having yielded to the grim tyrant Death, his master had him buried, and some funeral horse-talk said over him. He believes that animals have souls, for the steed is now in Paradise (Kentucky).

—At the International Prison Congress, held in London, Archbishop Manning presided at the lecture delivered on John Howard by the Rev. Dr. Bellows—the most ultra of ultramontanes and the most ultra of heretics!

—The unmarked grave of Thaddeus Stevens is in the shadow of a common school-house. On Decoration-day last year some difficulty was experienced in finding it. The cemetery in which he rests is a small private one, known as Shreiner's. He was about to purchase a lot in Woodward Hill, but on learning that no colored person could be interred there, he bought six feet of earth in Shreiner's Cemetery. In his will, written by his own hand in the last year of his life, although he made no provision for the care of his own grave, he set apart an ample sum of money to be devoted to planting flowers about his mother's grave each spring. Last fall his house, in which he had his office, was sold at public sale by his executors.

—Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone met recently at a party for the first time, and immediately had a long consultation. The subject was Homer, and they talked Homer for four hours. Each was at home on Homer.

—A son of Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is living in Illinois, at the age of one hundred and three.

—Bishop M'Ilvaine, of Ohio, on the 3d of July, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, presented to the Church of England the large silver alms basin manufactured for that purpose in this city, and designed as an acknowledgment from the daughter in this country to the mother Church for benefactions received in the past. In the presence of a throng of Church dignitaries Bishop M'Ilvaine, dressed in plain black, handed the heavy silver (nearly a yard in diameter) to the Bishop of Lichfield (he was here last year), who carried it forward to the altar; was there met by the Archbishop of Canterbury, before whom he kneeled; the archbishop took it, made a fraternal address, and that ended the ceremony. The archbishop then read the alms texts in the Communion office, and each of the ten bishops marched up alone, bowed, dropped a coin into the basin, and retired. Then the vergers (in verger clad) went about the cathedral with red velvet purses, and collected the red velvet purses full of money, which the archbishop emptied into the basin; and then, after prayers, the people went their several ways home.

—Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a question by Sir Robert Peel as to whether the government intended to follow the example of Germany in expelling the Jesuits from the country, in compliance with an act of 1829, which provides for their banishment from England, replied that "the subject was an important one, and must be taken into serious consideration by the government." He added that though the law in question was now nearly half a century old, no steps had been taken for its enforcement. Perhaps Mr. G. thinks of it as an old toper in Maine did of the Maine liquor law—he was in favor of the law, but against its enforcement.

—The editor of one of the organs of public opinion in Terre Haute, Indiana, says, "This is the bountiful year. The small-fruit crop is immense, the wheat crop is huge, the oat crop is promising, and the baby crop is unparalleled."

—Pictures, like lots on Fifth Avenue, seem to be on the advance. In 18[illegible]6 Collins, an English artist, painted the "Cromer Sands," and was overjoyed to receive £50 for it. At the sale of the late Mr. Gillott's collection a gentleman was found who quite as joyously gave for it $18,900!

—An appreciative listener slipped $100 into a St. Louis clergyman's hand the other day as he was leaving church, as a reward for his excellent sermon. We saw a similar nefarious transaction not long since, when the publisher of a Philadelphia paper, a Child of grace, drew from his pocket a $100 bill carelessly rolled up there, and desired that it might be put in the way of assisting a certain poor clergyman's family, but that the donor's name should not be mentioned.

—Colonel French, who kept the hotel opposite the City Hall, left about two millions' worth of property, and after providing amply for his widow, divided the remainder equally among his nine children, except in the case of Charles, who is blind, who receives a larger amount than the others.

—Professor Palmieri, of the University of Naples, remained in his observatory on Mount Vesuvius during the most dangerous period of the late eruption for the purpose of examining his instruments. He foretold the eruption with great exactness. He is to be made a senator for his distinguished services.

—Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding the vast responsibilities imposed upon him and the great labor required of him as Prime Minister of England, has recently found time to write an important pamphlet on the "Political Present and Future of Great Britain," which will soon be given to the public.

—The brother of the King of Portugal, a pupil of Rossini, recently made his appearance as a tenor at one of M. Thiers's *soirées*.

—The late Horace Mayhew, one of the *Punch* editors, left personal property valued at about $40,000. He bequeaths to his wife his furniture, plate, carriage and horses, a legacy of $500, and a sum of $35,000 as an equivalent for the property she possessed at the time of marriage, or such part thereof as may not have been necessarily expended. He has left some legacies to personal friends, and bequeaths the income arising from his estate, real and personal, together with the residue of his property, to his wife for her life, and after her decease he leaves one moiety to his brothers and sister, Julius and Augustus Mayhew and Laura Gillespie, and the other moiety among the other brothers and sisters.

—Mr. Clark, of Cambridgeport, is making for the naval observatory in Washington the largest refracting telescope in the United States. It has an object-glass twenty-six inches in diameter, being eleven inches larger than that at Harvard. The total cost of the instrument will be $46,000. The two glasses—it requires two to make an object-glass—weighed in the rough 250 pounds, and cost $7000. They were made in England, and arrived in this country six months ago, since which the work of polishing them has been prosecuted unremittingly.

—Professor Fawcett, the liberal member of Parliament, who came so near worsting Mr. Gladstone, is blind. When a boy, before entering the university, an accident destroyed one eye, and the spreading inflammation soon took the other. As soon as his health was restored he continued his studies with an attendant, who acted as guide, amanuensis, and reader. High honors, a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and subsequently the publication of an excellent work on political economy, secured him a professorship in this same college. Other publications, on pauperism, land tenure, and the various questions that English radicals were airing, won him great favor among the working classes, and in 1865 he entered Parliament as the representative for Brighton, a constituency composed chiefly of trades-people. Professor Fawcett follows in the line of Mill, but as he is far less subtile, he has the good fortune to be much more popular with the ordinary mind. He is honest, and has a steady nerve. He is now thirty-eight years of age, just in the prime of his powers, with a markedly strong physique, as opposed to fineness of fibres and nervous receptivity. On the evening of the day that the telegram announced the death of President Lincoln Professor Fawcett was in a social gathering of liberals, and heard from a girl of eighteen the exclamation, "It would have been less loss to the world if every crowned head in Europe had fallen!" He asked to be introduced to this spirited girl, who has been Mrs. Fawcett for the past five years. She is now twenty-five, and is, with the exception of her sister, Mrs. Anderson, perhaps the most popular woman in England. She is the best speaker of any of the women who have come into public life. She is the author of a work on political economy adapted for use in girls' schools, and appears again as the largest contributor in a volume of essays, by Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett, just published. She has the same clear, logical, practical type of mind as Professor Fawcett, with an added feminine fineness. It would be difficult to find two people more consonant in their tastes and aims. Mrs. Fawcett is slight in figure, and much more than ordinarily pretty; is neither distrustful nor presuming, and has that perfect balance of mind that enables her to use all her power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The bridge over the Paussack River, on the Honesdale branch of the Erie Railroad, near Hawley, Pennsylvania, was burned July 29.

The Japanese embassy returned to New York city, from Philadelphia, July 29.

The delegates to the National Labor Convention held a meeting July 30, and decided to hold a convention in Philadelphia one day this month, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States.

A passenger train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad fell through a bridge at Coon Creek, a hundred miles west of Denver, July 29, killing five of the passengers and wounding many others.

A very destructive fire broke out among the petroleum works at Hunter's Point, July 30, and raged for several hours, defying the best efforts of the firemen to subdue it. Many thousands of barrels of oil and other valuable property were destroyed.

The boll and army worms are making sad havoc with the cotton crop in Alabama. The general impression is that the quantity to be gathered will not exceed one half of last year's crop.

The result of the election in North Carolina, held August 1, is still in uncertainty at the time of going to press, as the returns come in very slowly; but the Democrats have probably elected their State ticket by a small majority, and five of the eight Congressmen.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The American naval fleet while at anchor in the harbor of Southampton, August 1, was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Rear-Admiral Alden received the distinguished visitors on the flag-ship *Wabash*, and in the evening the admiral and his officers dined with the royal party on board their yacht.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Acton Ayrton, Chief Commissioner of the Works and Buildings of the Treasury, had a narrow escape on the 1st of August, when a quantity of gun-cotton exploded prematurely in close proximity to them in the Treasury gardens.

The new French loan has been a wonderful success. Only three milliards of francs were asked for, and as many as forty-one and a half milliards have been offered, a large portion of which came from Germany.

Mr. Stanley, the lucky correspondent of the *Herald* who found Dr. Livingstone, was entertained at a banquet given in Paris by American citizens August 1.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has telegraphed her sympathy to the Duc d'Aumale for the loss of the latter's son, the Duc de Guise.

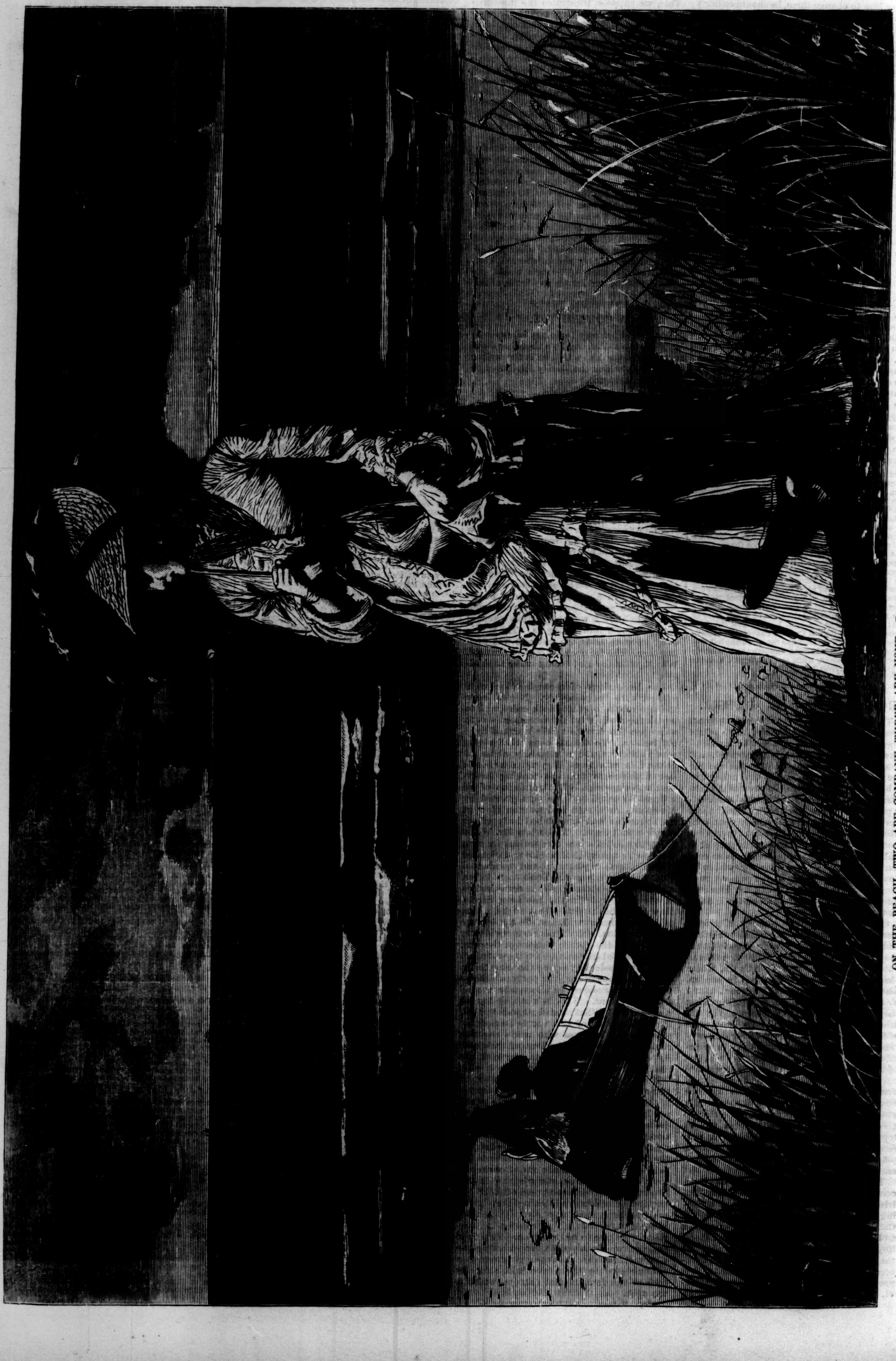
A serious railroad accident occurred near Frankfort, Germany, the other day. A crowded omnibus while crossing the tracks was run into by the mail train and demolished. Eight of the stage passengers were killed outright, and all the others wounded.

Three cases of Asiatic cholera have been discovered in Berlin.

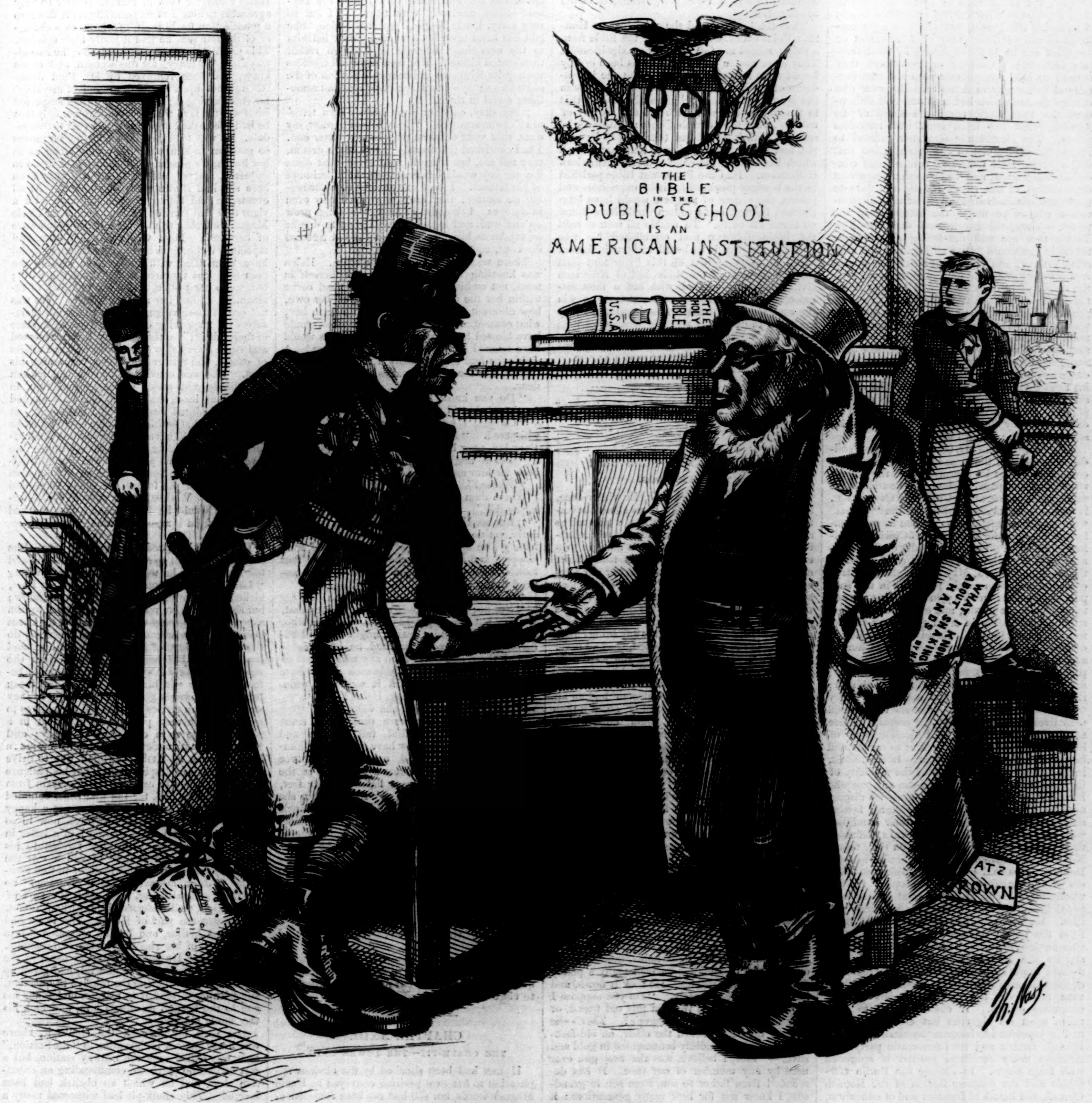
Another band of Carlist insurgents has been defeated in the Northern Spanish department. Eight men were killed and thirty wounded on the insurgent side.

It is said that the Spanish government will submit a project for a loan of $60,000,000 for the improvement of the finances of Cuba on the reassembling of the Cortes in September.

Sir John A. Macdonald, the Premier of the Dominion of Canada, was returned for Kingston for the twelfth time, August 1, defeating Mr. John Carruthers.



ON THE BEACH—TWO ARE COMPANY, THREE ARE NONE.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Poem on Page 642.]


THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL IS AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION
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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT SHAKING HANDS BY H
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ROMISH POLITICS—ANY THING TO BEAT GRANT.

Irish Roman Catholic Invader. "The Y. M. C. A. want the Bible in the public school, assuming that this is a Christian country. *We want the Priest, the Brother, and the Sister in our public schools, not assuming, but endeavoring to effect, that this is a Catholic country.*"—*St. Louis Western Watchman*, July 13, 1872.

HUNTER'S POINT—ROMISH POLITICS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The Democratic Superintendent of Education for the State of New York has ordered the exclusion of the Bible from the school at Hunter's Point, and his decision in their favor was celebrated with bonfires and rejoicings by the rioters who had threatened the life of the teacher, and disturbed the peace of the community. The streets of the town flamed with a strange illumination. Romish priests and their ignorant followers or victims renewed on our free soil the ancient orgies of superstition; and had they dared—nor does there seem any strong reason for their abstinence—would have piled the bonfires with Protestant Bibles, and revived the early customs of the persecutors of France and Spain. To burn Bibles was the first aim of the Romish priests who strove to suppress the Reformation three centuries ago. France was covered with bonfires fed with translations of the Scriptures and the writings of **Luther** and **Calvin**; and that the ancient rite was not renewed at Hunter's Point is certainly not due to the rigid restraints of law. The law was already defied. The rioters and the priest had overridden the law, and the Democratic Superintendent of Education had sanctioned, by his decision, a series of outrages that in any other country would have received immediate punishment.

Dependent upon the Romish vote, the superintendent had plainly not sufficient courage to say to his supporters, "You have done wrong, and must make reparation to the community you have injured before your requests or your complaints can be heard." He places himself at once on the side of the rioters. It is known to every one that the Bible was ordered to be read in the schools at Hunter's Point by the Board of Education; that the priests at once denounced the Protestant Scriptures, and incited the children in their class-rooms to receive their teachings with tumult and contempt; that the school was thrown into disorder, and when the teacher endeavored to enforce obedience, his life was threatened; that he resolutely persisted in fulfilling his instructions; that the Roman Catholic population continued their lawless conduct, and that a noted Romish priest, the Rev. Dr. **M'Glynn**, was sent over from New York to arouse the passions of the rioters, to confirm them in their disobedience to the law, and heap calumnies upon the Protestant Bible that, we trust, were only the flights of oratorical vehemence; that the Romish Church has assumed the cause of the men who threatened to kill Mr. **Siebert**, the teacher—has no word of reproof for its lawless members; and yet our Superintendent of Education, knowing all these facts, yields up the point in controversy to the breakers of the law, and leaves all honest men at their mercy!

To this practice of yielding to the growing demands of a foreign church on the part of aspiring and servile politicians much of the series of ills that have fallen upon our city and country may be traced. Romish influence, exercised for a period of thirty years, has degraded and corrupted that great Democratic party which, under **Jefferson**, was the symbol of equal progress, and, under **Jackson**, of honesty, patriotism, and union. Step by step the priest came to control the politician; he tempted, bribed, and at last intimidated. He demanded the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools, and it was removed from a portion of the schools of New York. He assailed the public schools themselves, and was gratified by a liberal donation for Jesuit colleges and Jesuit seminaries. He insisted upon putting men in office, ignorant or infamous, whose only merit was that they would serve "the Church," and the Democratic party was soon graced by a class of leaders whose misdeeds have done perpetual dishonor to the cause of freedom, have given joy to the oligarchs and despots of Europe, and have seemed to prove that from universal suffrage must spring a rule of unbounded license and corruption. The Romish vote filled our city offices with the shameless, the dissolute; the Romish Church still insists upon keeping in power the men who have robbed their fellow-citizens, and whose enormous wealth was wrung from the bankrupt city and the starving poor.

No Democratic politician dares to oppose the Romish influence and the papal vote. Hating republican institutions because they have led the way to the downfall of the Romish power in Europe, the extreme papists joined the party of disunion, and when the slave-holders rose in rebellion they found their most constant allies in the Romish priests. It was the united Romish vote that carried the elections against **Lincoln**'s policy, and aided in prolonging the struggles of the rebels; it was a Romish mob that nearly captured New York for **Davis** in 1863, when every soldier was absent defending Pennsylvania against the robbers from Richmond, and our Democratic Governor saluted as his friends the Catholic rioters whose hands were yet red with the blood of innocent colored men, women, and children. Happily, the better class of Democratic politicians abandoned their corrupt associates to join in restoring the Union, and the true representatives of the patriotic party of Jefferson or Jackson are to be found among its most resolute defenders. Catholic or Protestant, they refused to hold any alliance with the real enemies of democracy in America. But over that corrupt faction which had assumed and dishonored the Democratic name the grasp of the Romish priest has fixed itself with relentless power. The Democratic Governor refused to reform or remove one of the commissions that still exercise their unlimited control over education, emigration, and various other important departments of our city. He did not dare to touch the criminals or the men of tainted reputation who were under the patronage of the priest. They still govern and dishonor New York; they are still the fitting allies of the rebels in the South, they still join in calumniating Grant, and cling to the feeble shelter of a Greeley; they still draw enormous salaries, the wages of incompetence, and hope to retain the offices they have used for the ruin of the people. Meanwhile, our Democratic Governor, who might have found ample employment in reforming the Board of Education, of Emigration, and all our city government, shrinks terrified, perhaps conscience-smitten, from his proper duty, and hides himself—but with how little of his former vigor!—amidst the congenial associations of a convention that avowed its own duplicity. And our city is ruled to-day in all its departments by the adherents or the servile instruments of the Romish Church.

The nomination of Mr. Greeley for the Presidency is the last, the most important act in the corruption of the Democratic party, the highest triumph of the papal faction. When his name was first mentioned at the Cincinnati Convention, it was at once made known that the "priests" were his firmest supporters. When he was nominated, the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, edited by Bishop Purcell, the leader of the assailants upon the public schools, the chief organ of the Jesuits, declared, May 9, that the only true course of the Democratic party lay in the support of Greeley and his principles, that the end must justify the means, and every honorable instinct be laid aside in order to procure the defeat of General Grant. Its advice was followed or obeyed. The alliance between "the Church" and the rebels was renewed. The Democratic party yielded every trace of its ancient honesty; it accepted as its candidate a fallen Republican; it announced as its principles maxims of policy which two-thirds of its members had passed their lives in violating, and the enemies of free schools, of free speech, of education, and of knowledge have united in an effort to delude and betray their fellow-countrymen. It is difficult, indeed, to speak too strongly of the duplicity of this singular combination; nor can any one who loves his country hesitate to express his disgust and his alarm. But that the Romish faction should select Mr. Greeley as their candidate was only natural. He had always defended their policy, or looked silently upon their faults. No word of reproof had he uttered when the Romish voters had placed their dishonest leaders in office against priest or people. He had wholly forgotten to trace the fatal influence of papal ignorance and intrigue in American politics. He had promised to exclude the Bible from the public schools wherever the Romish Church desired it. He had defended in leading articles the Romish Church itself. He had seemed more anxious to destroy the credibility of the witnesses who had cried out against them than to convict the Romish officials of their enormous crimes. A cloud seemed to have fallen upon his vigorous but erratic intellect, and he consented to become the candidate of the Romish faction and its Democratic party. In America every Jesuitical journal is animated with fresh hopes. In Europe the Berlin *Germania* and the extreme faction of the Romish Church, the haters of freedom and of education, of republicanism and of progress, unite in demanding the election of Greeley and the defeat of Grant. While the liberals and the Protestants of every land look with an alarm which they loudly express upon the dangerous intrigues of the rebels and the priests in America.

Such has been the bold and desperate career of the Jesuitical portion of the Romish Church in American politics. It began with an assault upon the Protestant Bible thirty years ago. It next denounced the public schools as centres of moral corruption. It seized upon the Democratic party, and made it the instrument of its fatal purpose. It placed in office, as judges, controllers, governors, commissioners, men of infamous morals, plunderers of the public treasury, who squandered their enormous gains in boundless license, whose guilty orgies were notorious, and who made no effort to conceal their shame. It shared in their liberality, and was enriched by their benefactions. The history of the city of New York for the past few years reads like one of those hideous pictures sketched by Tacitus or enlarged upon by Cicero, when a Catiline had corrupted the Roman republic or a Nero the empire; when every public official sold himself to the powers of evil, and the vicious and the base ruled over the good; when assassins plied their trade in the streets of Rome, and abandoned women governed the masters of the world. The revelations made in our public trials show that the condition of New York was not dissimilar. Yet upon this spectacle the Romish Church looked with exultation, and every Romish press in our city defended to the last the men it had placed in power. And now, with a desperate energy not unfamiliar to its annals, the Jesuitical faction has nominated its candidate for the Presidency, and would impart that dreadful moral degradation which it has nurtured in New York to the government of the whole nation!

Thus the bonfires and the rejoicings at Hunter's Point over the expulsion of the Bible from a public school are full of startling significance. They show that a new element has been openly forced upon American politics, that the imprudence of the Romish faction is about to revive in the New World those religious dissensions that in the Old have so often affected the destiny of nations, that the Romish Church will never be satisfied until it has closed the Bible to its people, and covered with dishonor that sacred book which has formed the chief source of American civilization. Had the Protestant Bible perished in the bonfires prepared for it by inquisitors and priests, the course of progress would have been checked forever, and freedom would have found no home on earth. To enable all men to read the Bible, Luther first established his free schools, nor will it be heard without indignant alarm in every section of this Protestant land that the enemies of the Bible and of American civilization have entered, with but a faint disguise, upon a political career, and hope to win the control of the nation whose institutions they are eager to destroy.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

THE WATCH-DOG.

Late as it was in the season, quite winter-time, in fact, there were still a few roses about the cottage. Its cleanliness and neatness were such as are only to be found in houses exclusively inhabited by males: not, of course, that man, in general, is so neat as woman, but when, from choice or necessity, he *is* neat, he eclipses her altogether. Into the tiny "lobby," with its tall clock and floor of snow-white stone, and into the little oak-paneled parlor, with its one picture—a portrait of Arthur as a child—Helen had been introduced, of course; but in the adjoining chamber, to which she was now invited, she had never yet set foot. It was a sign that you were a favorite indeed with Uncle Magus when you were admitted to his private bower. This was also oak-paneled, and though a bedroom, had an air of greater comfort and "liveability" about it than its neighbor chamber. A round table with a huge desk, covered with manuscripts, stood in front of the fire-place, and beside it a high-backed arm-chair, curiously carved.

"Why, Uncle Magus, you must be an author," cried Helen, laughingly; "you must certainly be writing a book. What *is* it all about?" and she stepped forward to satisfy her curiosity.

"No, Helen; you must not read that," said the old man, stretching forth his long arm and turning the papers over face downward, "for you would misunderstand it. It *is* a book, but not for ladies' eyes. That is, I mean," added the old gentleman, hastily, and coloring like a girl, "it is upon a subject unfitted for the exercise of their judgment, being the Duello. There are the guns."

He pointed to two guns hung above the chimney-piece; one, a fowling-piece, about which there seemed nothing remarkable, though, to the owner's eye, it doubtless revived many a palmy day on moor and stubble. He took it down, and looked at it affectionately. "Do you suppose I should not know the voice of this old friend, or ever mistake it for a stranger's? *That*"—he nodded his head toward the other, an old-fashioned weapon splendidly ornamented in gold and silver—"*that*, I believe, was the first gun ever used by any member of our race. It has descended from father to son, from son to grandson, I know not for how many generations: it will now, alas!" added he, with a deep sigh, "descend no longer."

"And these pistols—are they very ancient also, Uncle Magus?" Two of these weapons were hanging beneath the guns, long in the handle, short in the barrel, and somewhat clumsy-looking.

"No, my dear; at least I can remember their being made. My father gave them to me upon the day I came of age. There are no gewgaws about them, but they have been very serviceable in their time, and would be so again, should there be any necessity for their use."

"Lor, Uncle Magus, there will be no robbers at Swansdale, I do hope."

"I hope not, my dear, I'm sure," answered he; then added, after a little pause, "if there *were* to be one, it would be bad for him."

There was a certain vengeful quiet in that addition to the old man's speech—a sort of chained ferocity—that curiously agitated his companion. Her mother had always said that, "for her part, that Mr. Maggot frightened her to death," but Helen had never been frightened at him until now. She knew that he was not talking of robbers that steal gold and silver.

"Is that another gun," said she, with affected sprightliness, "in yonder case?"

"No, Helen. Did your husband never tell you what it was?"

"Oh yes, I remember. Oh, Uncle Magus, I am so sorry!" She now recollected, though, in her hurry to change the conversation, it had not occurred to her, how Arthur had told her that this singular personage had kept the body of his only son enbalmed in his bed-chamber. The old man took no notice of her embarrassment; but his eyes, which were fixed on the object in question—a mahogany box, looking not unlike what she had taken it for, with brazen clasps about the lid, and brass-work round the keyhole—filled gradually with tears. "I am so very sorry, Uncle Magus," repeated Helen. She laid her hand upon his arm, and gently led him to the arm-chair, wherein he dropped rather than seated himself. Her own fears and troubles were quite forgotten in her contemplation of the old man's agony—tears from such eyes had something awful in them.

"My only, *only* son—my heart's own treasure!" he murmured. "May Heaven grant, my dear, that your children may have a better end. I had cherished the dream—it was but a dream, they tell me, but it made me happy—that some day my boy would have regained the inheritance of his fathers. I *kept* our ancient title-deeds—but no matter; they are waste paper now even in *my* eyes. I thought, at least, to see him grow up and wed, and hoped before I died to dandle on my knees his offspring, but the old tree has died out, root and branch."

There was silence in the little room. Helen was kneeling at the old man's feet, herself in tears, not on his account only. If she had borne within her the promise of offspring of her own, how different, she felt, would *her* life be to her; what content, notwithstanding its troubles, would have blessed her present; what happiness would have seemed in store for her in the future! A child, she had read, endears a mother to its father, and to the mother makes the father doubly dear.

"Do you know how my boy died, Helen?" continued the old man, in trembling tones.

"Oh yes, I know. Don't speak of it," she whispered. "It is too terrible even to think of. Poor lad, poor lad, poor Uncle Magus!"

"Yet it might have been worse, my dear, both for him and for me."

"Worse?" echoed she, in astonishment. "Worse than what Arthur told me? That is impossible."

"Not so, Helen," said the old man, very tenderly, yet no longer with agitation. "He might have grown up and wed—" He hesitated, then stopped, and once more she saw in his face that look of mistrust in himself which she had noticed in the garden.

"A wicked woman," suggested she.

"No, no; my lad would never have done that, Helen; but he might have married one who, though she loved him dearly, might have misunderstood and vexed him, and he her; and—though there had never been any real ground of quarrel between them—the breach might have widened daily, hourly, till it was very wide. Then— Are you listening, Helen?"

"Yes," whispered she, she was.

"Then, when they were thus apart, some smooth-tongued scoundrel, full of lures and smiles, might by degrees have interposed himself between them, and, ere she had scarce dreamed of harm—" Here a bell rang at the cottage door. Helen rose hastily to her feet, very pale and trembling. "Rather than she were harmed by such a villain," continued Uncle Magus, steadily, "being the wife of son of mine, I say that I prefer to see him as he is, a withered corpse, and to know that he died, as he did, of want, than lived to bear such shame."

"Uncle Magus, Uncle Magus, I have brought you some birds," cried Arthur's cheery voice, in the other room. "Where are you?"

"Will you see him?" asked Uncle Magus, with his eyes.

"No, no," she answered; "not just now. I *could* not."

Then, covering her face with her hands, she sank down in the chair that the old man had quitted, while he went out to Arthur, taking care to close the door behind him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CHALK-PIT—THE LOWER PATH.

Helen had been shocked by the obvious application to her own position conveyed in Uncle Magus's words, but she had not been conscience-smitten; like the supposititious wife of the dead lad, she had scarce dreamed of harm: the worst thought she had ever had in her mind with respect to Allardyce was to use him as a lure to win back her husband's love by making him an object of jealousy. And this she had altogether failed to do. Whatever might be his displeasure with his wife, Arthur had the most complete confidence in her faithfulness and honor. Nay, to say that he gave her credit for the exercise of the same virtues that he used himself was greatly to understate his confidence in her. There are some men who overestimate the purity of women, as there are many who misprize and deride it, and he was of the former class. He might in his own case find it hard to prevent his mind from dwelling upon Jenny, though he loyally did his best to do so, and avoided her presence with the utmost care, but as to his wife, whom he knew to have had no lover before himself, forming after marriage an attachment to another man, such an idea was inconceivable to him. He would no more have suspected his Helen of a flirtation than Uncle Magus of a lie. Yet she *had* flirted with Allardyce—though with no ill intention, and even with a good one—before his very eyes.

To excite a husband's jealousy in order to recover his affection is like some very brilliant operation in surgery, which may at once restore the patient to health, but also may kill him outright. It is always safer to use more ordinary and gradual remedies, and the experiment in this case was especially hazardous, from the depth to which it was necessary to push the probe. Arthur's confidence was so complete that strong measures were necessary to shake it, and though Helen had used them, they had as yet had no effect—that is, upon *him*. Mr. Wynn Allardyce, however, could not be supposed to be cognizant of Helen's ulterior view in making herself so very agreeable to him, and he naturally set it down to a predilection for himself, of whom, as a charmer of the fair sex, he had a justly high opinion. This predilection was reciprocal, too; he had always had "a fancy" for this woman, and, as we know, had been reproved by Mr. Paul Jones (though not upon any high ground of morality) for entertaining it; and he more than suspected what was the fact, that he owed it to her only that he had been asked to pay a second visit to Swansdale. It was true that Helen was by no means so gracious to him when they were alone as in her husband's presence, but that he set down to coquetry, and of late he had found that even here she had shown signs of yielding. At all events, he had begun to push the siege with a vigor that had startled her, and now came Uncle Magus's warning to make her thoroughly aware of her peril. Most women, in her case, and especially if conscious of some imprudence, would have been filled with indignation against the man that had ventured to tell them the truth; but, to do her justice, Helen felt no spark of resentment against her ancient relative. He was not one of those vulgar persons who pride themselves on "speaking out" and "giving a piece of their minds;" on the contrary, he was reserved and silent; very slow to interfere with the affairs of others, and reticent to others concerning his own. She was convinced that he had spoken unwillingly and under pressure; and that, in his eyes at least, the danger of which he had so broadly hinted was great and imminent. It was certain that nothing but affection for Arthur and herself could have prompted him in the matter; no wish to make himself of importance; no love of scandal; no prudery; and though matters had not gone nearly so far as the old man had feared, for the future she would be careful for all that. Without being rude to Mr. Allardyce, she would let him perceive that marked attention from him, of any kind, was disagreeable to her.

Unhappily her good sense stopped here. She could not, indeed, go straight to her husband and tell him all, for he would certainly have wrung "Lardy's" neck upon the instant, or, at least, kicked him through the dining-room window; but she might have made such an appeal to him as would have brought him literally on his knees before her; it was even yet in her power to do that, by any show of her real love for him, and she knew it, but her pride forbade this; she would extricate *herself* out of this trouble before trying to win him back, and in the mean time matters might go on between them as they were. Fabian tactics recommend themselves to women, while men prefer even a defeat in a pitched battle to a campaign of Delay; and Helen did not understand that to harass a husband such as Arthur Tyndall was to drive him well-nigh to desperation. That his patience had been pushed to extremity was certain from the fact that he had, for the first time, confided to Adair that his wedded life was not a happy one; not that he had said so even now in so many words, but he had written him a letter in a tone of cynicism (altogether foreign to his character), and the subject of which was the marriage state. If he had thought to find sympathy in Jack, however, he was mistaken. So far from sympathizing, Jack took the part of womankind, well understanding, without doubt, that it was the part of Helen. His letter had displeased Arthur, and he had crammed it into the pocket of his shooting-jacket at breakfast, half unread. He had gone out as usual in the turnips, and finding the birds wild, had given up sport, then recollecting the missive in question, and wishing to read it in private, he handed his gun to the keeper, dismissed him, and took his way home alone.

His path lay through the chalk-pit, above which was another path leading to "the Station," as it was called—not the railway station, but a sort of natural platform, commanding an extensive view, and on which an obelisk had been erected. This chalk-pit had witnessed many a loving interview with Jenny in the old days, and, indeed, was the very place that he had suggested as the scene for his proposed explanation when he had first met her at the lock, but he was not thinking of Jenny now. He was thinking of his troubles at home; of the "cat-and-dog life"—though that was an exaggerated term for the state of affairs between them—which he and Helen led together, and of Jack's want of appreciation of his position, evidenced by the letter he held in his hand. "To bachelors, and especially to those fellows who are fools enough to wish to be married," muttered he, resentfully, "it is the wife who seems always in the right. It is she who is 'oppressed' and 'sat upon,' and 'to be greatly pitied.' Man is a brute, and woman an angel, in their eyes. Angel, egad! They have all crowns on their heads and palms in their hands, but so have other people: to their husbands, at all events, they appear without their wings. What an altogether unsuspected talent they have of making a man uncomfortable! I dare say Blanche herself, if Jack ever gets her, will develop considerable faculties in that way; and it will serve him right." Arthur halted in the middle of the pit, which was a sheltered spot for that purpose, to reperuse his friend's letter.

"You say that there are idolaters of the institution of marriage, just as there are of that of the Sabbath, whereas matrimony is made for man, not man for matrimony: with this I cordially agree. Of late years, however, people have taken sensible views upon this question, and if marriage does not prove a blessing, it is no longer necessary, thanks to our Divorce Court, that it should be a life-long curse. But there is surely an omission in one part of your statement: Matrimony is made for man, and woman also, let us say, etc. What is sauce for the goose (it was always agreed between us, as good radicals) should be sauce for the gander, and I think, since he is the stronger, and holds the purse-strings—"

"That foul blow is unlike Jack," ejaculated Arthur, passionately. "If he only knew how I regretted— Gracious Heaven! *you* here, Jenny!"

Immediately before him, with a white face and very grave eyes, and holding a little packet in her hands, stood Jenny Wren. At the sight of her, and the thought that they were alone together in the very spot where they had been used to meet as lovers, all his prudence was forgotten, and with a little cry of joy, he held out both his hands to greet her.

So far from making any corresponding advance, she did not seem even to notice this action, but, still holding the packet before her, observed, "I have long sought an opportunity of returning you these—these things, Mr. Tyndall."

"What are they, Jenny?"

"Some letters and a token you once gave me, which no longer belong to me."

"What! the little anchor?" exclaimed he, in astonishment, for, man-like, he had quite forgotten the existence of it, as of the letters also, until that moment. "Why, there can be no harm in your keeping that, Jenny." He took a pleasure, as one who rolls a sweet morsel under his tongue, in calling her by the old name.

"There can be no *good*," she answered, coldly, placing the packet in his hand. "Good-day, Sir."

"Have you not a word to say but that?"

She had turned already upon her way home, and did not even look back as he thus addressed her, but only shook her head.

He did not attempt to follow her; he knew that it would be madness as well as wickedness to do so; but he lifted the little packet for an instant to his lips ere he put it by, and then, with a little sigh, pursued his way.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHALK-PIT—THE UPPER PATH.

"It is quite clear, and there will be a beautiful view from the Station, Mr. Allardyce," said Helen one day, as the two—alone as usual—were about to leave the luncheon-table. "What do you say to a walk to the obelisk?"

"I am afraid you will find it damp underfoot in the wood," replied he, doubtfully. It *was* damp underfoot; but it was not out of consideration for Helen's health that he mentioned it. He greatly preferred a tête-à-tête with her in the drawing-room, exposed though it was to the risk of interruption from Uncle Magus, to a walk with her out-of-doors. She had shown herself less inclined for playing chess and duets with him of late, and had kept him altogether more at a distance.

"Oh, the damp won't hurt *me*," said she, laughing. "One would really think, to hear you and Uncle Magus talk, that I was made of sugar."

"Well, so you are, in a sense, you know," said Allardyce, tentatively.

"Thanks for the compliment, Sir;" and she courtesied. "Excuse me for a few minutes while I put on my cork soles."

"I wonder whether she *is* melting?" mused Mr. Wynn Allardyce, as he stood sipping a glass of sherry with his back to the fire. "If I was a rich man, worth powder and shot, and Tyndall was a poor one, I should think the whole affair was 'a plant,' with a view to swingeing damages, the way in which he leaves his wife alone with me every day is so very marked. It is but the result, however, I suppose, of that 'incompatibility of temper' that seems to exhibit itself in most men and women directly they marry one another. Well, so much the better for us bachelors. How jealous she is of that poor devil Tyndall! I almost wonder it don't turn her yellow; and yet I do believe he gives her nothing to be jealous about. I wish he would. The husband's ill luck is the lover's opportunity, and if I could only catch him tripping, I think I could pay off old scores."

Mr. Allardyce's countenance began to be unpleasant to look upon. He detested Arthur Tyndall, for the very reason that it was to his stanch advocacy that he was indebted for the position—such as it was—that he still held in society, out of which his connection with Mr. Paul Jones had well-nigh cast him altogether. His benefactor, even as such, is always hateful to a scoundrel of the Allardyce type; and, moreover, in this case he well knew not only that he had obtained Tyndall's good word under false pretenses, but that if he should be proved culpable, his present ally would hold him as loathsome and contemptible as did any one of his detractors.

Perhaps it was the clear blue air and sunshine, or perhaps the reflection that she had done well in her avoidance of a tête-à-tête with Mr. Allardyce in the drawing-room, that had given Helen an elasticity of mind she had not felt for weeks, and which showed itself in her eye and cheek; but certainly she had never looked more charming. She had a delicate, fragile air, it is true, and was very different from the plump, healthful girl we knew as Helen Somers; but that change was to her advantage. In time, indeed, so far from her growing to the ample proportions of her mother, it was only too likely that she would err in the other direction, and become pale and wan. "She'll be scraggy before she is thirty," was Mr. Allardyce's muttered prophecy; but at present it was hard to say where there could be improvement. Her dress was faultless too. In her fur-bordered mantle and dainty fur-trimmed boots, she looked—for even if it be true that it takes three generations exempt from trade to make a gentleman, the saying has no force when applied to the softer sex—every inch a lady. She carried a muff, not because it was cold—for it was not so for the time of year—but in order to have an excuse for declining Mr. Allardyce's arm; and looked snug and soft and charming beyond power of pen to tell. Doubtless she knew this well; but when her companion ventured upon a compliment on her appearance, though couched so as to apply rather to her attire, so far from giving her pleasure, it annoyed her; she wished to avoid all such pretty speeches—her good resolutions were so spick and span—and she strove to let him know it by ignoring them. This was an error, since Allardyce set it down to distrust of herself, and resolved to push what he considered his advantage: his manner had never been so tender, his voice so gentle and persuasive, as when they slowly climbed together that winding path that led through the leafless woods above the river. She felt her color rise, and her heart beat faster than the toil demanded, though her fragile frame was taxed by the toil; and finding that mere inattention did not check his honeyed words, she took another way. She began to praise the man she knew to be his enemy, Adair. Had he noticed in the papers how often Mr. Adair's name had appeared lately?

"In what part of them am I too look for it? There are bankruptcy, police, and so many things," answered he, carelessly.

"You can be very bitter when you please, Mr. Allardyce;" and there she stopped and blushed, for was it not as much as to say, "notwithstanding that you have been so uncommonly sweet and soft-spoken to me for the last ten minutes?"

"I hope not bitter," said he, with a little sigh; "but some things do make me—well, impatient and irritated. I dare say this Adair may have his good points, and I have no doubt that he likes your husband; but he has no right to come between him and you."

"Come between me and Arthur! How do you mean?"

"Well, perhaps I was wrong to hint at it; but Adair's jealousy of yourself is something ludicrous. And yet Tyndall consulted him too before your mar— But there, it is no business of mine."

"Consulted him about what? I insist—I entreat you to tell me, Mr. Allardyce!"

They were on the top of the hill now, on the path that traversed the brow of the chalk-pit, and from whence an exquisite landscape was discernible; but Helen had no thought for the view; her eyes were fixed inquiringly on her companion, and she had released one hand from her muff and laid it excitedly on his sleeve.

"Well, I am afraid it is something like a breach of confidence," said Allardyce, with pretended reluctance—"a betrayal of that tacit understanding which men are supposed to have with one another—but I can refuse you nothing, my dear Mrs. Tyndall. The fact is, in club smoking-rooms and similar wicked haunts, it used to be whispered—now, pray forgive me, for I am only repeating what may have been a groundless scandal—that Adair 'got up' Tyndall's marriage."

"*Got up my marriage?*" The hand that had rested on his sleeve sought the railing that ran round the edge of the chalk-pit for support, for her limbs trembled with shame and rage.

"The story, my dear Mrs. Tyndall, since you will have it—though it distresses me above measure to repeat it—was this. Your husband, it seems, had formed another attachment before he saw you—no one can believe that it could have happened afterward—and was said to be undecided in his mind as to which lady he should honor with his hand; and that being accustomed to consult his friend Adair upon all other matters, he consulted him on *that*. I can not say what pain it gives me, Helen, to say these things."

"Go on, Sir!" said she, impatiently: in her bitter humiliation and fury at his tidings she did not notice that he had addressed her by her Christian name. "Go on, I beg."

"Well, there is not much to tell; I have only instanced it to show the undue influence that Adair possesses over Tyndall; and, besides, it mayn't be true; but what is *said* is, that the other lady was very strong-minded and resolute to hold her own, and thinking that she would be the more likely of the two to lessen his influence with your husband, Mr. Adair was graciously pleased to recommend that the handkerchief should be thrown to *you*. But, hush! there *is* your husband!" He took her by the arm and dragged her back so as to be screened from view of any person that might be standing below, at the same time pointing downward into the pit.

Her fierce eyes followed the direction of his eager gaze, and fairly flashed with ire at what they saw. Advancing slowly from the direction opposite to that which they were taking, and reading as he did so an open letter, was Arthur Tyndall; and so engrossed was he in its contents that he did not perceive, what was plain to the two spectators from their point of vantage, the figure of a woman coming swiftly through the wood as if to meet him.

"I think we had better go, Helen," said Allardyce, softly, and with a tender pity in his tone. "This is not a scene for *you* to witness."

"Hush!" Again she knew not that he had ventured to address her by the familiarity of her Christian name; his insinuating speech, his commiserating glance, were lost upon her. She had eyes and ears only for what was going on beneath them. "It is that girl from the lock. I thought as much," muttered she between her set teeth.

"It *is*," said Allardyce; "and," added he to himself, "a deuced fine girl too." All things were working well for him, and far beyond the best he could have hoped for. To have come upon this interesting spectacle so opportunely was a stroke of luck indeed. He had no doubt that the meeting between Tyndall and this girl was designed—was, in fact, an assignation; and that belief, mistaken though we know it to be, was greatly in his favor. Up to this time he had had to invent his slanders, and to proceed with caution; the danger signal is always up on the Line of lies; but now his road was clear. "I *think* we had better come away," reiterated he.

"I stay here!" interrupted Helen, fiercely. Then added, with sudden tenderness: "Perhaps I do him wrong. This meeting may have been accidental, after all."

"If it is any comfort to you to think that, Helen, do so," said Allardyce, shrugging his shoulders.

"Comfort!" answered she, with such bitter scorn that the word sounded like Despair. "You are right; I was a fool to believe him true. That letter he was reading was from her, appointing this place for their meeting. Look, she has given him another!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

For more than twenty-five years the Methodist Episcopal Church has held camp-meetings annually at Sing Sing, and they have become a permanent institution. The camp grounds, which are situated about a mile and a half from the dépôt, northeast of the village, occupy over eight acres of land, most of which is pleasantly sheltered by groves of pine, fir, and oak. The meeting is under the direction of the Methodist Camp-meeting Association of New York.

Carbolic acid is said to be a sovereign remedy for mosquitoes and flies. A few drops evaporated in a room, or poured upon the clothes, will keep the winged pests at a comfortable distance.

Tennyson's study is said to be at the top of his house, away from liability to interruption, and where none may intrude during his working hours, unless in case of dire necessity.

San Francisco does its share of boot and shoe making. There are now in operation there twenty-six factories for manufacturing boots and shoes, and sixteen for slippers. The number of all kinds made during the year is about 980,000.

The great question is, What shall we do with the north pole when we find it? There are now four expeditions hunting for it among the icebergs, and it will scarcely escape all its pursuers.

Free excursions for poor children have been proposed in Philadelphia, and a goodly sum of money contributed for the purpose.

A touching letter was recently received by the editor of the New York *Times*. We quote it entire, as it will explain itself:

"*To the Editor of the New York Times:*

"Some few days since I sent you a check for $25, to be used for the poor children of New York. Then we had a most precious darling little one of eight months, our first and only one, who was in health. In two hours he was snatched from us, and to-day we are childless. Baby had a little bank account of his own, and his mother and myself have decided to put it into your hands, to be disposed of for the benefit of the poor little ones of New York. So we inclose check for $25, accompanied with the sympathies and blessings of bruised and bleeding hearts. Please acknowledge the above as from Baby."

The summer residents in Newport have contributed $5000 toward the erection of a hospital in that city.

From the "Fashion Chit-Chat" of the *Evening Mail* we clip the following, which we believe contains many grains of truth:

"The fashion of wearing chignons first emanated from Paris, but has been so exaggerated, has grown so fearfully, that the Parisians themselves laugh at the absurdities which have sprung from their tasteful coiffures. Nowhere in Paris would be seen such immense chignons or prodigious paniers as the English and American women wear. The difference between a Parisian and an American tournure is very near the difference between a peck measure and that which holds a bushel. Some fashions are like fashionable gossip, which adds to itself something from every retailer of it, until it swells at last into a fearful scandal. So the fashion which started, a thing of grace, from Paris, as soon as it has crossed the seas is puffed into an absurdity."

A masculine guest at the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga is entirely eclipsing the ladies in the time and attention which he devotes to his person—in fact, he has quite carried off the palm in the way of elaborate attire. He recently appeared in the ball-room of the hotel in his fifth toilet for that day.

An alarming rumor is in circulation at Long Branch to the effect that an island is forming in front of the principal hotels, which will eventually make the Branch a far less pleasant and popular sea-shore resort and bathing-place. However, there are plenty of other localities along the coast, if the present site be found unfavorable; moreover, the island is not likely to form for a score of years to come.

The boat of Peter the Great, which is regarded as a sacred relic in Russia, and was carried at the head of the recent gala procession in St. Petersburg, is over two hundred years old, having been an old yawl when Peter was a boy. It is still well preserved. It is a masterpiece in its way, and a tolerable good specimen of handiwork. Being in a state of dilapidation when it was discovered lying under an old shed, Peter undertook to repair it, and it was thus his ship-building propensities began to manifest themselves.

Brilliant red carpets, as well as green ones, are often found to contain arsenic. Lead, in various forms, is also used in the glazing of some cuffs and collars made of paper. When the hands and neck perspire, or any abrasion of the skin occurs, the lead is absorbed, and poisoning results. When shall we be secure from poisons in the most common articles?

From Germany comes the news, interesting to smokers going abroad, that at Potsdam smoking will henceforth be allowed in the park of Babelsberg, where the Emperor is residing. This is said to be the way in which tobacco gained the victory: A quarrel having arisen between a stranger and the custodian about smoking, the Emperor, on his walk through the garden, came near to the spot, and hearing the angry words, stopped for a moment to have the case explained. Then he allowed the stranger to finish his cigar, and soon afterward an advertisement on the garden wall announced that liberty of smoking was granted to every body in the circuit of Babelsberg Park.

There is one coach-driver in the employ of the Catskill Mountain House, who boasts that he has never missed a trip nor lost a train—a fact which indicates faithfulness, punctuality, and good health.

A poor little boy who had gone on one of the children's excursions was asked what he most enjoyed during the day. "I liked every thing," said he; "but what I *most* liked was running on the grass without being afraid of the cops" (policemen). Freedom to enjoy Nature—that is what children want and need.

A traveler in Constantinople describes a most singular flower, which is in the form of a perfect humming-bird. The resemblance of this curious flower to a tiny bird is said to be complete.

A curious controversy has occurred in an English court-room about a veal cutlet. A gentleman was summoned to answer the charge of assault and battery upon a waiter employed in a restaurant. The case was briefly as follows: The defendant, with a friend and some members of his own family, went to dine at the restaurant. Among other articles ordered were two veal cutlets; but it happened that three persons partook of the cutlets. Whereupon, when the bill was presented, it was found a charge was made for three cutlets. When the gentleman refused to pay the extra charge, he was informed that it was a regulation that no customer should give to another a part of a dish ordered by him without paying for an extra portion. The indignant customer, however, did not choose that any one should dictate to him how the food he had bought should be disposed of, and he tendered the amount of the bill, less the charge for the extra cutlet. The saloon-keeper retaliated by ordering the waiter to secrete the hat belonging to the friend who had accompanied the party. Immediately the "assault and battery" followed, reported to be "terrific," but of which no traces could be exhibited by the plaintiff. The magistrate to whom the cause was brought dismissed the complaint, fining the plaintiff sixty shillings, with the addition of forty shillings costs, and a severe rebuke for such "outrageous imposition" in a first-class restaurant.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Vicar Chest turned the bones of Martin, the regicide, out of the chancel of Chepstow church, an act the vicar's son-in-law resented by inditing the following epitaph for him when he required one:

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another.
The chest of wood is very good,
Who says so of the other?"

A Savannah horse lately ran away and into a hotel, bringing up in front of the bar. It was just as he had seen his master do.

A toll-gate keeper in Virginia was lately brought before a magistrate for cruelty to his daughter, occasioned by her allowing her lover to drive through the gate free when she had charge of it. Like one of Shakspeare's heroines, "She never 'tolled' her love."

A correspondent wants to know if a "bee-hive" must necessarily have a wax end.

Why is a hen immortal?—Her son never sets.

"Who's that gentleman, my little man?" was asked of an urchin. "That one with the spike-tailed coat?" "Yes," was the response. "Why, he's a brevet uncle of mine." "How's that?" was asked. "'Cause he's engaged to my aunt Mary!"

Connected with the Ring—The bell-handle.

Punch says that an advocate for compulsory abstinence from spirituous liquors may found an argument upon the fact that the first three letters of ignorance are convertible into gin.

Men of Letters—Sign-painters.

A young man out in search of his father's lost pig, near Scranton, Pennsylvania, accosted an Irishman along the road with, "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" "Faith," said Pat, "and how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

A Connecticut farmer has named a prize rooster Robinson, because Robinson Crusoe.

A Fish out of Water—A w(h)ale on a boy's back.

About the commonest social vice, and the one which is most abhorred, is advice.

Among our national post-offices are the following: Ti Ti, Toto, Why Not, Pipe Stem, Stony Man, Sal Soda, Shickshiny, Snowshoes, Overalls, Lookout, Last Chance, Backbone, Marrow Bones, Sorrel Horse, Tally-ho, and Tired Creek.

A Jewel of an Uncle—A carb-uncle.

It has been found that in nearly every civilized country the tree that bears the most fruit for market is the axle-tree.

A Short Trip on the Rhine—Slipping on a piece of orange peel in the street.

A thief running away is a scamp, but the policeman's chase after him is a scamper.

Spinks is not going to do any more in conundrums. He asked his wife why he was like a donkey, and she said because he was born so, and he says that the answer is very different from that.

Eagles fly alone; sheep generally flock together—so we have herd.

A Bad Thing to Keep—Late hours.

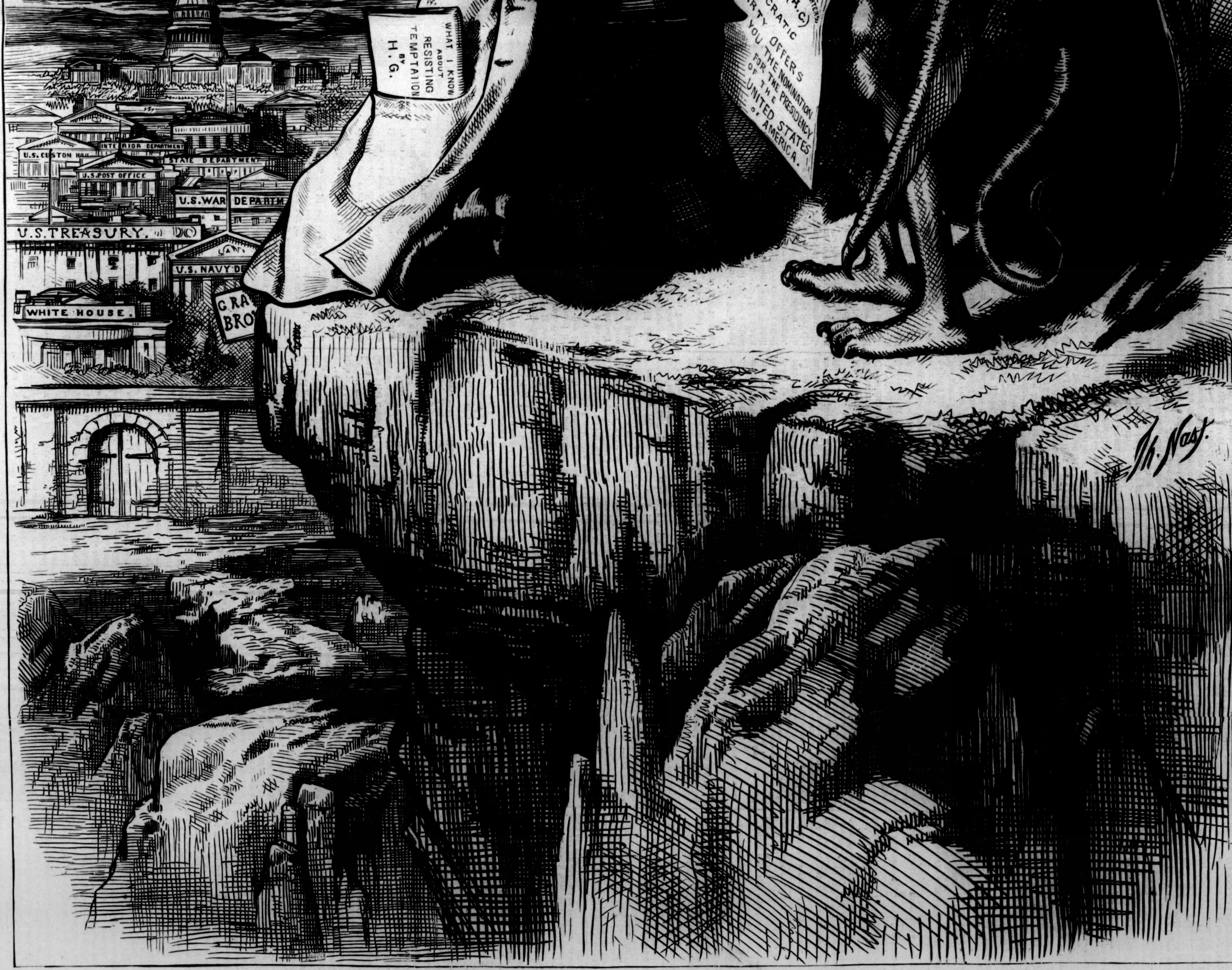
When a judge "tries" a rogue, can it be fairly supposed that he has any idea of giving him employment?

The Best Thing Out—An aching tooth.

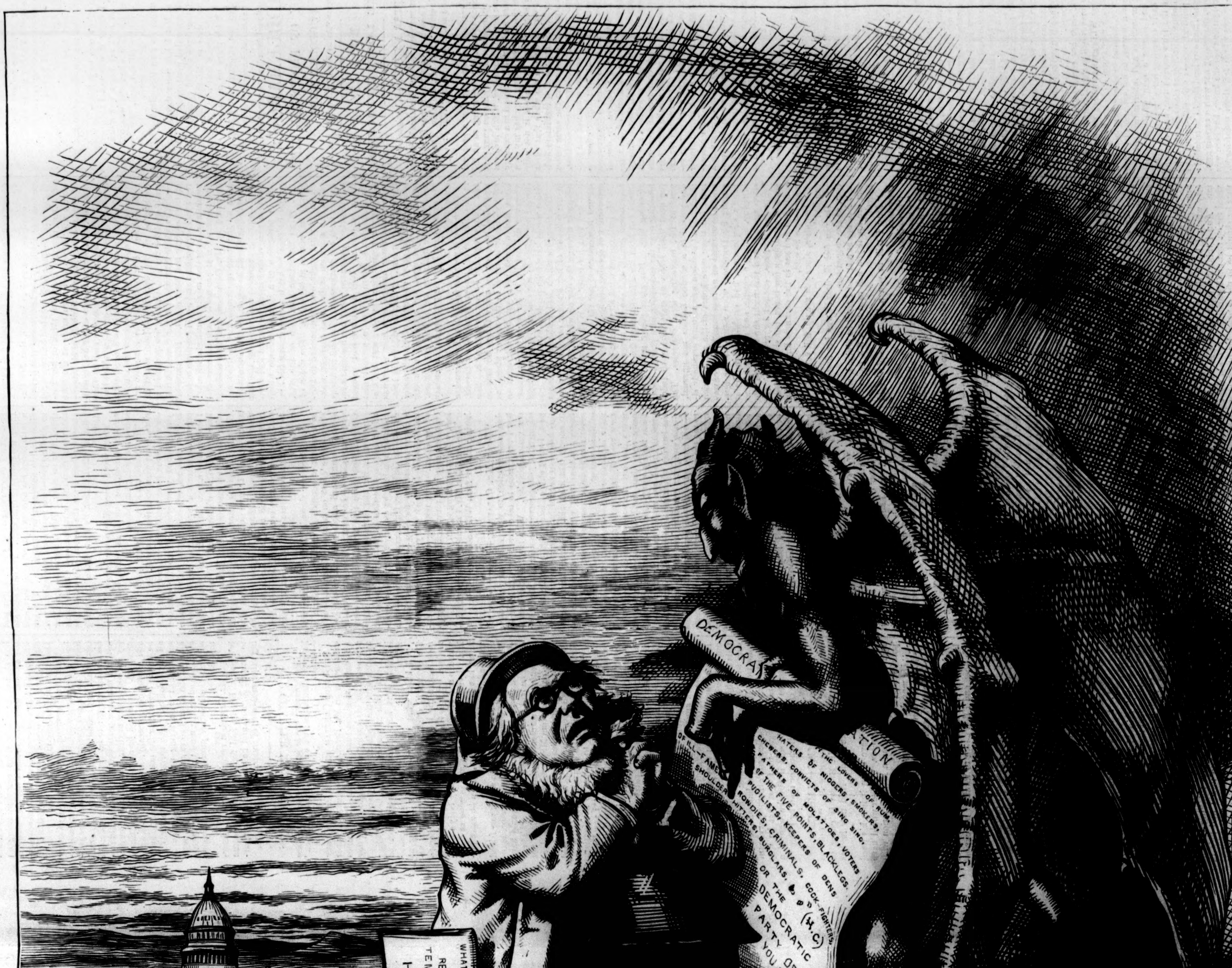
An incorrigible loafer being taken to task for his laziness, replied: "I tell you, gentlemen, you are mistaken; I have not a lazy bone in my body; but the fact is, I was born tired!"

Little Boy. "I don't like you, Mr. Brown; my mamma says you are a regular sneak."

Mamma. "Good gracious, James, what can induce you to tell such a story? I confess to saying, 'What a pity such a noble-hearted man as Mr. Brown has turned out such a regular cynic!'"


WHAT I KNOW ABOUT RESISTING TEMPTATION BY H. G.
(...R.C)
...CRATIC ...RTY OFFERS YOU THE NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
U.S. CUSTOM HOUSE
INTERIOR DEPARTMENT
STATE DEPARTMENT
U.S. POST OFFICE
U.S. WAR DEPARTM...
U.S. TREASURY.
U.S. NAVY DE...
WHITE HOUSE.
G. RA... BRO...
Th. Nast.

"SATAN, DON'T GET THEE BEHIND ME!"—ANY THING TO GET POSSESSION.


DEMOCRAT
TION
THE LOVERS OF RUM,
HATERS OF NIGGERS, SMOKERS,
CHEWERS, CONVICTS OF SING SING,
FATHERS OF MOLATTOES, VOTERS
OF THE FIVE POINTS, BLACKLEGS,
PUGILISTS, KEEPERS OF DENS
OF ILL-FAME
ROWDIES, CRIMINALS, COCK-FIGHTERS,
SHOULDER HITTERS, BURGLARS, &c &c (H.C)
OR THE
DEMOCRATIC
PARTY
YOU
WHAT
RE
TEN
H

ON THE BEACH.

[See Illustration on Page 636.]

OUT on the sands we walked, and watched
The sea-gulls dipping white wings low,
While gently murmuring at our feet
The waters rippled to and fro.
And merrily
And happily
We watched the wavelets come and go.

And one of us was very fair—
Alas! I knew it was not I;
But ah! ah me! my heart was quick
To note his face when she was by,
Where all too well,
With tender spell,
Love wrote its own tale silently.

And so at last I left them there,
And all unheeded went away,
Lest e'en the birds should read my heart,
As I had read myself that day.
My dream was o'er:
With them no more
I watched the rippling waters play.

(Continued from No. 814, page 599.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK IV.

THREE LOVE PROBLEMS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(*Continued.*)

THE next morning, without Dorothea's knowledge, Mr. Casaubon dispatched the following letter, beginning "Dear Mr. Ladislaw" (he had always before addressed him as "Will"):

"Mrs. Casaubon informs me that a proposal has been made to you, and (according to an inference by no means stretched) has on your part been in some degree entertained, which involves your residence in this neighborhood in a capacity which I am justified in saying touches my own position in such a way as renders it not only natural and warrantable in me when that effect is viewed under the influence of legitimate feeling, but incumbent on me when the same effect is considered in the light of my responsibilities, to state at once that your acceptance of the proposal above indicated would be highly offensive to me. That I have some claim to the exercise of a veto here would not, I believe, be denied by any reasonable person cognizant of the relations between us: relations which, though thrown into the past by your recent procedure, are not thereby annulled in their character of determining antecedents. I will not here make reflections on any person's judgment. It is enough for me to point out to yourself that there are certain social fitnesses and proprieties which should hinder a somewhat near relative of mine from becoming in anywise conspicuous in this vicinity in a status not only much beneath my own, but associated at best with the sciolism of literary or political adventurers. At any rate, the contrary issue must exclude you from further reception at my house. Yours faithfully,

"EDWARD CASAUBON."

Meanwhile Dorothea's mind was innocently at work toward the further imbitterment of her husband; dwelling, with a sympathy that grew to agitation, on what Will had told her about his parents and grandparents. Any private hours in her day were usually spent in her blue-green boudoir, and she had come to be very fond of its pallid quaintness. Nothing had been outwardly altered there; but while the summer had gradually advanced over the western fields beyond the avenue of elms, the bare room had gathered within it those memories of an inward life which fill the air as with a cloud of good or bad angels, the invisible yet active forms of our spiritual triumphs or our spiritual falls. She had been so used to struggle for and to find resolve in looking along the avenue toward the arch of western light that the vision itself had gained a communicating power. Even the pale stag seemed to have reminding glances and to mean mutely, "Yes, we know." And the group of delicately touched miniatures had made an audience as of beings no longer disturbed about their own earthly lot, but still humanly interested. Especially the mysterious "Aunt Julia" about whom Dorothea had never found it easy to question her husband.

And now, since her conversation with Will, many fresh images had gathered round that Aunt Julia who was Will's grandmother; the presence of that delicate miniature, so like a living face that she knew, helping to concentrate her feelings. What a wrong, to cut off the girl from the family protection and inheritance only because she had chosen a man who was poor! Dorothea, early troubling her elders with questions about the facts around her, had wrought herself into some independent clearness as to the historical, political reasons why eldest sons had superior rights, and why land should be entailed: those reasons, impressing her with a certain awe, might be weightier than she knew, but here was a question of ties which left them uninfringed. Here was a daughter whose child—even according to the ordinary aping of aristocratic institutions by people who are no more aristocratic than retired grocers, and who have no more land to "keep together" than a lawn and a paddock—would have a prior claim. Was inheritance a question of liking, or of responsibility? All the energy of Dorothea's nature went on the side of responsibility—the fulfillment of claims founded on our own deeds, such as marriage and parentage.

It was true, she said to herself, that Mr. Casaubon had a debt to the Ladislaws—that he had to pay back what the Ladislaws had been wronged of. And now she began to think of her husband's will, which had been made at the time of their marriage, leaving the bulk of his property to her, with proviso in case of her having children. That ought to be altered; and no time ought to be lost. This very question which had just arisen about Will Ladislaw's occupation was the occasion for placing things on a new, right footing. Her husband, she felt sure, according to all his previous conduct, would be ready to take the just view, if she proposed it—she, in whose interest an unfair concentration of the property had been urged. His sense of right had surmounted and would continue to surmount any thing that might be called antipathy. She suspected that her uncle's scheme was disapproved by Mr. Casaubon, and this made it seem all the more opportune that a fresh understanding should be begun, so that instead of Will's starting penniless and accepting the first function that offered itself, he should find himself in possession of a rightful income which should be paid by her husband during his life, and, by an immediate alteration of the will, should be secured at his death. The vision of all this as what ought to be done seemed to Dorothea like a sudden letting in of daylight, waking her from her previous stupidity and incurious self-absorbed ignorance about her husband's relation to others. Will Ladislaw had refused Mr. Casaubon's future aid on a ground that no longer appeared right to her; and Mr. Casaubon had never himself seen fully what was the claim upon him. "But he will!" said Dorothea. "The great strength of his character lies here. And what are we doing with our money? We make no use of half our income. My own money buys me nothing but an uneasy conscience."

There was a peculiar fascination for Dorothea in this division of property intended for herself, and always regarded by her as excessive. She was blind, you see, to many things obvious to others—likely to tread in the wrong places, as Celia had warned her; yet her blindness to whatever did not lie in her own pure purpose carried her safely by the side of precipices where vision would have been perilous with fear.

The thoughts which had gathered vividness in the solitude of her boudoir occupied her incessantly through the day on which Mr. Casaubon had sent his letter to Will. Every thing seemed hinderance to her till she could find an opportunity of opening her heart to her husband. To his preoccupied mind all subjects were to be approached gently, and she had never since his illness lost from her consciousness the dread of agitating him. But when young ardor is set brooding over the conception of a prompt deed, the deed itself seems to start forth with independent life, mastering ideal obstacles. The day passed in a sombre fashion not unusual, though Mr. Casaubon was perhaps unusually silent; but there were hours of the night which might be counted on as opportunities of conversation; for Dorothea, when aware of her husband's sleeplessness, had established the habit of rising, lighting a candle, and reading him to sleep again. And this night she was from the beginning sleepless, excited by resolves. He slept as usual for a few hours, but she had risen softly and had sat in the darkness for nearly an hour before he said,

"Dorothea, since you are up, will you light a candle?"

"Do you feel ill, dear?" was her first question, as she obeyed him.

"No, not at all; but I shall be obliged, since you are up, if you will read me a few pages of Lowth."

"May I talk to you a little instead?" said Dorothea.

"Certainly."

"I have been thinking about money all day—that I have always had too much, and especially the prospect of too much."

"These, my dear Dorothea, are providential arrangements."

"But if one has too much in consequence of others being wronged, it seems to me that the divine voice which tells us to set that wrong right must be obeyed."

"What, my love, is the bearing of your remark?"

"That you have been too liberal in arrangements for me—I mean with regard to property—and that makes me unhappy."

"How so? I have none but comparatively distant connections."

"I have been led to think about your aunt Julia, and how she was left in poverty only because she married a poor man, an act which was not disgraceful, since he was not unworthy. It was on that ground, I know, that you educated Mr. Ladislaw and provided for his mother."

Dorothea waited a few moments for some answer that could help her onward. None came, and her next words seemed the more forcible to her, falling clear upon the dark silence.

"But surely we should regard his claim as a much greater one, even to the half of that property which I know that you have destined for me. And I think he ought at once to be provided for on that understanding. It is not right that he should be in the dependence of poverty while we are rich. And if there is any objection to the proposal he mentioned, the giving him his true place and his true share would set aside any motive for his accepting it."

"Mr. Ladislaw has probably been speaking to you on this subject?" said Mr. Casaubon, with a certain biting quickness not habitual to him.

"Indeed, no!" said Dorothea, earnestly. "How can you imagine it, since he has so lately declined every thing from you? I fear you think too hardly of him, dear. He only told me a little about his parents and grandparents, and almost all in answer to my questions. You are so good, so just—you have done every thing you thought to be right. But it seems to me clear that more than that is right; and I must speak about it, since I am the person who would get what is called benefit by that 'more' not being done."

There was a perceptible pause before Mr. Casaubon replied, not quickly as before, but with a still more biting emphasis.

"Dorothea, my love, this is not the first occasion, but it were well that it should be the last, on which you have assumed a judgment on subjects beyond your scope. Into the question how far conduct, especially in the matter of alliances, constitutes a forfeiture of family claims, I do not now enter. Suffice it, that you are not here qualified to discriminate. What I now wish you to understand is, that I accept no revision, still less dictation, within that range of affairs which I have deliberated upon as distinctly and properly mine. It is not for you to interfere between me and Mr. Ladislaw, and still less to encourage communications from him to you which constitute a criticism on my procedure."

Poor Dorothea, shrouded in the darkness, was in a tumult of conflicting emotions. Alarm at the possible effect on himself of her husband's strongly manifested anger would have checked any expression of her own resentment, even if she had been quite free from doubt and compunction under the consciousness that there might be some justice in his last insinuation. Hearing him breathe quickly after he had spoken, she sat listening, frightened, wretched—with a dumb inward cry for help to bear this nightmare of a life in which every energy was arrested by dread. But nothing else happened, except that they both remained a long while sleepless, without speaking again.

The next day, Mr. Casaubon received the following answer from Will Ladislaw:

"DEAR MR. CASAUBON,—I have given all due consideration to your letter of yesterday, but I am unable to take precisely your view of our mutual position. With the fullest acknowledgment of your generous conduct to me in the past, I must still maintain that an obligation of this kind can not fairly fetter me as you appear to expect that it should. Granted that a benefactor's wishes may constitute a claim, there must always be a reservation as to the quality of those wishes. They may possibly clash with more imperative considerations. Or a benefactor's veto might impose such a negation on a man's life that the consequent blank might be more cruel than the benefaction was generous. I am merely using strong illustrations. In the present case I am unable to take your view of the bearing which my acceptance of occupation—not enriching certainly, but not dishonorable—will have on your own position, which seems to me too substantial to be affected in that shadowy manner. And though I do not believe that any change in our relations will occur (certainly none has yet occurred) which can nullify the obligations imposed on me by the past, pardon me for not seeing that those obligations should restrain me from using the ordinary freedom of living where I choose, and maintaining myself by any lawful occupation I may choose. Regretting that there exists this difference between us as to a relation in which the conferring of benefits has been entirely on your side—I remain, yours with persistent obligation,

"WILL LADISLAW."

Poor Mr. Casaubon felt (and must not we, being impartial, feel with him a little?) that no man had juster cause for disgust and suspicion than he. Young Ladislaw, he was sure, meant to defy and annoy him, meant to win Dorothea's confidence and sow her mind with disrespect and perhaps aversion toward her husband. Some motive beneath the surface had been needed to account for Will's sudden change of course in rejecting Mr. Casaubon's aid and quitting his travels; and this defiant determination to fix himself in the neighborhood by taking up something so much at variance with his former choice as Mr. Brooke's Middlemarch projects, revealed clearly enough that the undeclared motive had relation to Dorothea. Not for one moment did Mr. Casaubon suspect Dorothea of any doubleness: he had no suspicions of her, but he had (what was little less uncomfortable) the positive knowledge that her tendency to form opinions about her husband's conduct was accompanied with a disposition to regard Will Ladislaw favorably and be influenced by what he said. His own proud reticence had prevented him from ever being undeceived in the supposition that Dorothea had originally asked her uncle to invite Will to his house.

And now, on receiving Will's letter, Mr. Casaubon had to consider his duty. He would never have been easy to call his action any thing else than duty; but in this case contending motives thrust him back into negations.

Should he apply directly to Mr. Brooke, and demand of that troublesome gentleman to revoke his proposal? Or should he consult Sir James Chettam, and get him to concur in remonstrance against a step which touched the whole family? In either case Mr. Casaubon was aware that failure was just as probable as success. It was impossible for him to mention Dorothea's name in the matter, and without some alarming urgency Mr. Brooke was as likely as not, after meeting all representations with apparent assent, to wind up by saying, "Never fear, Casaubon! Depend upon it, young Ladislaw will do you credit. Depend upon it, I have put my finger on the right thing." And Mr. Casaubon shrank nervously from communicating on the subject with Sir James Chettam, between whom and himself there had never been any cordiality, and who would immediately think of Dorothea without any mention of her.

Poor Mr. Casaubon was distrustful of every body's feeling toward him, especially as a husband. To let any one suppose that he was jealous would be to admit their (suspected) view of his disadvantages: to let them know that he did not find marriage particularly blissful would imply his conversion to their (probably) earlier disapproval. It would be as bad as letting Carp, and Brasenose generally, know how backward he was in organizing the matter for his "Key to all Mythologies." All through his life Mr. Casaubon had been trying not to admit even to himself the inward sores of self-doubt and jealousy. And on the most delicate of all personal subjects the habit of proud suspicious reticence told doubly.

Thus Mr. Casaubon remained proudly, bitterly silent. But he had forbidden Will to come to Lowick Manor, and he was mentally preparing other measures of frustration.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"C'est beaucoup que le jugement des hommes sur les actions humaines; tôt ou tard il devient efficace."
—GUIZOT.

SIR JAMES CHETTAM could not look with any satisfaction on Mr. Brooke's new courses; but it was easier to object than to hinder. Sir James accounted for his having come in alone one day to lunch with the Cadwalladers by saying,

"I can't talk to you as I want, before Celia: it might hurt her. Indeed, it would not be right."

"I know what you mean—the *Pioneer* at the Grange!" darted in Mrs. Cadwallader, almost before the last word was off her friend's tongue. "It is frightful—this taking to buying whistles and blowing them in every body's hearing. Lying in bed all day and playing at dominoes, like poor Lord Plessy, would be more private and bearable."

"I see they are beginning to attack our friend Brooke in the *Trumpet*," said the rector, lounging back and smiling easily, as he would have done if he had been attacked himself. "There are tremendous sarcasms against a landlord not a hundred miles from Middlemarch, who receives his own rents, and makes no returns."

"I do wish Brooke would leave that off," said Sir James, with his little frown of annoyance.

"Is he really going to be put in nomination, though?" said Mr. Cadwallader. "I saw Farebrother yesterday—he's Whiggish himself, hoists Brougham and Useful Knowledge; that's the worst I know of him; and he says that Brooke is getting up a pretty strong party. Bulstrode, the banker, is his foremost man. But he thinks Brooke would come off badly at a nomination."

"Exactly," said Sir James, with earnestness. "I have been inquiring into the thing, for I've never known any thing about Middlemarch politics before, the county being my business. What Brooke trusts to is that they are going to turn out Oliver because he is a Peelite. But Hawley tells me that if they send up a Whig at all, it is sure to be Bagster, one of those candidates who come from Heaven knows where, but dead against ministers, and an experienced Parliamentary man. Hawley's rather rough: he forgot that he was speaking to me. He said if Brooke wanted a pelting, he could get it cheaper than by going to the hustings."

"I warned you all of it," said Mrs. Cadwallader, waving her hands outward. "I said to Humphrey long ago, Mr. Brooke is going to make a splash in the mud. And now he has done it."

"Well, he might have taken it into his head to marry," said the rector. "That would have been a graver mess than a little flirtation with politics."

"He may do that afterward," said Mrs. Cadwallader, "when he has come out on the other side of the mud with an ague."

"What I care for most is his own dignity," said Sir James. "Of course I care the more because of the family. But he's getting on in life now, and I don't like to think of his exposing himself. They will be raking up every thing against him."

"I suppose it's no use trying any persuasion," said the rector. "There's such an odd mixture of obstinacy and changeableness in Brooke. Have you tried him on the subject?"

"Well, no," said Sir James; "I feel a delicacy in appearing to dictate. But I have been talking to this young Ladislaw that Brooke is making a factotum of. Ladislaw seems clever enough for any thing. I thought it as well to hear what he had to say, and he is against Brooke's standing this time. I think he'll turn him round: I think the nomination may be staved off."

"I know," said Mrs. Cadwallader, nodding. "The independent member hasn't got his speeches well enough by heart."

"But this Ladislaw—there again is a vexatious business," said Sir James. "We have had him two or three times to dine at the Hall (you have met him, by-the-bye) as Brooke's guest and a relation of Casaubon's, thinking he was only on a flying visit. And now I find he's in every body's mouth in Middlemarch as the editor of the *Pioneer*. There are stories going about him as a quill-driving alien, a foreign emissary, and what not."

"Casaubon won't like that," said the rector.

"There *is* some foreign blood in Ladislaw," returned Sir James. "I hope he won't go into extreme opinions and carry Brooke on."

"Oh, he's a dangerous young sprig, that Mr.

Ladislaw," said Mrs. Cadwallader, "with his opera songs and his ready tongue. A sort of Byronic hero—an amorous conspirator, it strikes me. And Thomas Aquinas is not fond of him. I could see that the day the picture was brought."

"I don't like to begin on the subject with Casaubon," said Sir James. "He has more right to interfere than I. But it's a disagreeable affair all round. What a character for any body with decent connections to show himself in!—one of those newspaper fellows! You have only to look at Keck, who manages the *Trumpet*. I saw him the other day with Hawley. His writing is sound enough, I believe, but he's such a low fellow that I wished he had been on the wrong side."

"What can you expect with these peddling Middlemarch papers?" said the rector. "I don't suppose you could get a high style of man any where to be writing up interests he doesn't really care about, and for pay that hardly keeps him in at elbows."

"Exactly: that makes it so annoying that Brooke should have put a man who has a sort of connection with the family in a position of that kind. For my part, I think Ladislaw is rather a fool for accepting."

"It is Aquinas's fault," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "Why didn't he use his interest to get Ladislaw made an *attaché* or sent to India? That is how families get rid of troublesome sprigs."

"There is no knowing to what lengths the mischief may go," said Sir James, anxiously. "But if Casaubon says nothing, what can I do?"

"Oh, my dear Sir James," said the rector, "don't let us make too much of all this. It is likely enough to end in mere smoke. After a month or two Brooke and this Master Ladislaw will get tired of each other; Ladislaw will take wing, Brooke will sell the *Pioneer*, and every thing will settle down again as usual."

"There is one good chance—that he will not like to feel his money oozing away," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "If I knew the items of election expenses I could scare him. It's no use plying him with wide words like Expenditure: I wouldn't talk of phlebotomy, I would empty a pot of leeches upon him. What we good stingy people don't like is having our sixpences sucked away from us."

"And he will not like having things raked up against him," said Sir James. "There is the management of his estate. They have begun upon that already. And it really is painful for me to see. It is a nuisance under one's very nose. I do think one is bound to do the best for one's land and tenants, especially in these hard times."

"Perhaps the *Trumpet* may rouse him to make a change, and some good may come of it all," said the rector. "I know I should be glad. I should hear less grumbling when my tithe is paid. I don't know what I should do if there were not a modus in Tipton."

"I want him to have a proper man to look after things—I want him to take on Garth again," said Sir James. "He got rid of Garth twelve years ago, and every thing has been going wrong since. I think of getting Garth to manage for me—he has made such a capital plan for my buildings; and Lovegood is hardly up to the mark. But Garth would not undertake the Tipton estate again unless Brooke left it entirely to him."

"In the right of it, too," said the rector. "Garth is an independent fellow: an original, simple-minded fellow. One day, when he was doing some valuation for me, he told me pointblank that clergymen seldom understood any thing about business, and did mischief when they meddled; but he said it as quietly and respectfully as if he had been talking to me about sailors. He would make a different parish of Tipton, if Brooke would let him manage. I wish, by the help of the *Trumpet*, you could bring that round."

"If Dorothea had kept near her uncle, there would have been some chance," said Sir James. "She might have got some power over him in time, and she was always uneasy about the estate. She had wonderfully good notions about such things. But now Casaubon takes her up entirely. Celia complains a good deal. We can hardly get her to dine with us since he had that fit." Sir James ended with a look of pitying disgust, and Mrs. Cadwallader shrugged her shoulders as much as to say that *she* was not likely to see any thing new in that direction.

"Poor Casaubon!" the rector said. "That was a nasty attack. I thought he looked shattered the other day at the archdeacon's."

"In point of fact," resumed Sir James, not choosing to dwell on "fits," "Brooke doesn't mean badly by his tenants or any one else, but he has got that way of paring and clipping at expenses."

"Come, that's a blessing," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "That helps him to find himself in a morning. He may not know his own opinions, but he does know his own pocket."

"I don't believe a man is in pocket by stinginess on his land," said Sir James.

"Oh, stinginess may be abused like other virtues: it will not do to keep one's own pigs lean," said Mrs. Cadwallader, who had risen to look out of the window. "But talk of an independent politician and he will appear."

"What, Brooke?" said her husband.

"Yes. Now you ply him with the *Trumpet*, Humphrey, and I will put the leeches on him. What will you do, Sir James?"

"The fact is, I don't like to begin about it with Brooke, in our mutual position; the whole thing is so unpleasant. I do wish people would behave like gentlemen," said the good baronet, feeling that this was a simple and comprehensive programme for social well-being.

"Here you all are, eh?" said Mr. Brooke, shuffling round and shaking hands. "I was going up to the Hall by-and-by, Chettam. But it's pleasant to find every body, you know. Well, what do you think of things?—going on a little fast! It was true enough what Lafitte said—'Since yesterday a century has passed away:'—they're in the next century, you know, on the other side of the water. Going on faster than we are."

"Why, yes," said the rector, taking up the newspaper. "Here is the *Trumpet* accusing you of lagging behind—did you see?"

"Eh? no," said Mr. Brooke, dropping his gloves into his hat and hastily adjusting his eye-glass. But Mr. Cadwallader kept the paper in his hand, saying, with a smile in his eyes,

"Look here! all this is about a landlord not a hundred miles from Middlemarch, who receives his own rents. They say he is the most retrogressive man in the county. I think you must have taught them that word in the *Pioneer*."

"Oh, that is Keck—an illiterate fellow, you know. Retrogressive, now! Come, that's capital. He thinks it means destructive: they want to make me out a destructive, you know," said Mr. Brooke, with that cheerfulness which is usually sustained by an adversary's ignorance.

"I think he knows the meaning of the word. Here is a sharp stroke or two. *If we had to describe a man who is retrogressive in the most evil sense of the word—we should say he is one who would dub himself a reformer of our constitution, while every interest for which he is immediately responsible is going to decay: a philanthropist who can not bear one rogue to be hanged, but does not mind five honest tenants being half starved: a man who shrieks at corruption, and keeps his farms at rack-rent: who roars himself red at rotten boroughs, and does not mind if every field on his farms has a rotten gate: a man very open-hearted to Leeds and Manchester, no doubt; he would give any number of representatives who will pay for their seats out of their own pockets: what he objects to giving, is a little return on rent-days to help a tenant to buy stock, or an outlay on repairs to keep the weather out at a tenant's barn door or make his house look a little less like an Irish cottier's. But we all know the wag's definition of a philanthropist—a man whose charity increases directly as the square of the distance.* And so on. All the rest is to show what sort of legislator a philanthropist is likely to make," ended the rector, throwing down the paper, and clasping his hands at the back of his head, while he looked at Mr. Brooke with an air of amused neutrality.

"Come, that's rather good, you know," said Mr. Brooke, taking up the paper and trying to bear the attack as easily as his neighbor did, but coloring and smiling rather nervously; "that about roaring himself red at rotten boroughs—I never made a speech about rotten boroughs in my life. And as to roaring myself red and that kind of thing—these men never understand what is good satire. Satire, you know, should be true up to a certain point. I recollect they said that in *The Edinburgh* somewhere—it must be true up to a certain point."

"Well, that is really a hit about the gates," said Sir James, anxious to tread carefully. "Dagley complained to me the other day that he hadn't got a decent gate on his farm. Garth has invented a new pattern of gate—I wish you would try it. One ought to use some of one's timber in that way."

"You go in for fancy farming, you know, Chettam," said Mr. Brooke, appearing to glance over the columns of the *Trumpet*. "That's your hobby, and you don't mind the expense."

"I thought the most expensive hobby in the world was standing for Parliament," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "They said the last unsuccessful candidate at Middlemarch—Giles, wasn't his name?—spent ten thousand pounds, and failed because he did not bribe enough. What a bitter reflection for a man!"

"Somebody was saying," said the rector, laughingly, "that East Retford was nothing to Middlemarch for bribery."

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr. Brooke. "The Tories bribe, you know: Hawley and his set bribe with treating, hot codlings, and that sort of thing; and they bring the voters drunk to the poll. But they are not going to have it their own way in future—not in future, you know. Middlemarch is a little backward, I admit—the freemen are a little backward. But we shall educate them—we shall bring them on, you know. The best people there are on our side."

"Hawley says you have men on your side who will do you harm," remarked Sir James. "He says Bulstrode, the banker, will do you harm."

"And that if you got pelted," interposed Mrs. Cadwallader, "half the rotten eggs would mean hatred of your committee-man. Good Heavens! Think what it must be to be pelted for wrong opinions! And I seem to remember a story of a man they pretended to chair and let him fall into a dust-heap on purpose!"

"Pelting is nothing to their finding holes in one's coat," said the rector. "I confess that's what I should be afraid of, if we parsons had to stand at the hustings for preferment. I should be afraid of their reckoning up all my fishing days. Upon my word, I think the truth is the hardest missile one can be pelted with."

"The fact is," said Sir James, "if a man goes into public life he must be prepared for the consequences. He must make himself proof against calumny."

"My dear Chettam, that is all very fine, you know," said Mr. Brooke. "But how will you make yourself proof against calumny? You should read history—look at ostracism, persecution, martyrdom, and that kind of thing. They always happen to the best men, you know. But what is that in Horace?—*fiat justitia, ruat*—something or other."

"Exactly," said Sir James, with a little more heat than usual. "What I mean by being proof against calumny is being able to point to the fact as a contradiction."

"And it is not martyrdom to pay bills that one has run into one's self," said Mrs. Cadwallader.

But it was Sir James's evident annoyance that most stirred Mr. Brooke. "Well, you know, Chettam," he said, rising, taking up his hat, and leaning on his stick, "you and I have a different system. You are all for outlay with your farms. I don't want to make out that my system is good under all circumstances—under all circumstances, you know."

"There ought to be a new valuation made from time to time," said Sir James. "Returns are very well occasionally, but I like a fair valuation. What do you say, Cadwallader?"

"I agree with you. If I were Brooke, I would choke the *Trumpet* at once by getting Garth to make a new valuation of the farms, and giving him *carte blanche* about gates and repairs: that's my view of the political situation," said the rector, broadening himself by sticking his thumbs in his armholes, and laughing toward Mr. Brooke.

"That's a showy sort of thing to do, you know," said Mr. Brooke. "But I should like you to tell me of another landlord who has distressed his tenants for arrears as little as I have. I let the old tenants stay on. I'm uncommonly easy, let me tell you—uncommonly easy. I have my own ideas, and I take my stand on them, you know. A man who does that is always charged with eccentricity, inconsistency, and that kind of thing. When I change my line of action, I shall follow my own ideas."

After that Mr. Brooke remembered that there was a packet which he had omitted to send off from the Grange, and he bade every body hurriedly good-by.

"I didn't want to take a liberty with Brooke," said Sir James; "I see he is nettled. But as to what he says about old tenants, in point of fact no new tenant would take the farms on the present terms."

"I have a notion that he will be brought round in time," said the rector. "But you were pulling one way, Elinor, and we were pulling another. You wanted to frighten him away from expense, and we want to frighten him into it. Better let him try to be popular, and see that his character as a landlord stands in his way. I don't think it signifies two straws about the *Pioneer*, or Ladislaw, or Brooke's speechifying to the Middlemarchers. But it does signify about the parishioners in Tipton being comfortable."

"Excuse me, it is you two who are on the wrong tack," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "You should have proved to him that he loses money by bad management, and then we should all have pulled together. If you put him a-horseback on politics, I warn you of the consequences. It was all very well to ride on sticks at home and call them ideas."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The death is announced, at Jeffersonville, Indiana, in June last, of Mr. Sidney J. Lyon, a gentleman who was well known for his valuable researches, while State Geologist of Kentucky, into the geology and physical geography of that State and others adjacent to it. His latest work in the line of science was an extensive exploration of certain ancient mounds in Kentucky and Tennessee, prosecuted under the joint auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, and the Peabody Museum of Archæology, at Cambridge. In the course of these labors he opened a large number of mounds, and made careful surveys of the same, the results of which are published in the Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1870.

Dr. Hayden, in charge of the geological survey of the Territories, having completed his preliminary arrangements at Ogden, has separated his forces into two divisions, one of which was to proceed to Fort Hall, with wagons and a suitable outfit, to be changed into a pack train at Fort Hall, and thence to travel up the Snake Valley, under the direction of Mr. Stevenson; the other division, under the doctor's own charge, was to start soon for Fort Ellis, and expected to be at work there by the 1st of July.

Among other interesting observations already made by Dr. Hayden's expedition was the occurrence of invertebrate animal life in great abundance in the Great Salt Lake. This fact is not entirely new, as the existence of dipterous larvæ in these waters has already been recorded by Captain Stansbury and others.

According to a report from Washington, active operations will be prosecuted by the Coast Survey on the New England coast during the present summer. The triangulation of the branches of the Passamaquoddy Bay will be continued, and will include the northeastern boundary along the St. Croix River. The surveys of the western shore of Passamaquoddy Bay, the estuaries of Frenchman's Bay, South west Harbor, and the islands and shores west of Saco Bay will also be carried along, as well as hydrographical work in most of the localities mentioned.

Deep-sea explorations on the shoals of George's Banks and in the waters on the coast of Maine will also be prosecuted. Triangulations for the survey of Lake Champlain, and soundings and tidal and magnetic observations, will likewise be made.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, under date of the 16th of June, gives some account of the proceedings of the United States Nicaragua Ship Canal expedition. It will be remembered that the officer originally in charge, Commander Crossman, lost his life by drowning, in the West Indies, on the passage to Central America. The command then devolved upon Captain Chester Hatfield. This officer has been occupied since the 20th of April last in surveying the various routes suggested for the canal. One of these routes is that of Colonel Childs, in 1850, which continues to be considered quite favorably. The second route, extending from Sopoa to Salinas Bay, is thought impracticable. What is called the Ochomogo route promises to be the best yet discovered. Indeed, there are five practicable routes within the limits of this republic, three of which have been already surveyed—*e. g.*, first, that from Brit, on the Pacific, to El Cojin, or Pass San José, on Lake Nicaragua; distance twenty miles; highest elevation above the level of Lake Nicaragua forty feet. Second, from Ochomogo, on the lake, to Ascalanta, on the Pacific; distance about twenty miles; highest elevation from thirty-four to thirty-six feet; and the cutting through this summit only about five or six hundred yards. Third, from Ochomogo to Nagualapa; distance twenty-six miles, with an elevation about the same as last; the deep cutting along this route will be about two miles.

Mr. Parnaby, of the fish-breeding establishment at Keswick, England, lately visited the United States for the purpose of obtaining living fish, and especially black bass, to be used in stocking ponds in Great Britain. He left for home by one of the British steamers of the latter part of June, carrying with him large numbers of fish, which we trust he will succeed in transporting safely to their destination.

We regret to be obliged to add to the list of naturalists recently deceased the names of Mr. Edmund Ravenel, of Charleston, South Carolina, and Dr. Hubbard, of Long Island. Both these gentlemen were well-known conchologists, and had for many years been engaged in collecting specimens and prosecuting researches in their favorite branch of science. Conchology seems to have been particularly unfortunate in the loss of so many of its votaries, as in addition to the names just mentioned we have already had occasion to announce the death of Dr. Stimpson and of Mr. Robert Swift.

We borrow from the Philadelphia *Ledger* an account of the method used by the professional rat-catchers of Paris to destroy the rats which infest the sewers, slaughter-houses, and other localities in that city: "They take a deep tub, with water on the bottom, and a little elevation in the middle, like an island, on which is only place for just one rat to sit. The top is covered, and has a large balanced valve, opening downward; on the middle of this valve a piece of fried pork or cheese is fixed, and when the rat walks on it to get the cheese the valve goes down, drops the rat in the water, and moves back in position. A road is made from a rat-hole to the top of the tub by means of a piece of board rubbed with cheese, so as to make the walk attractive for the rats. In the course of a single night some ten or twenty, or even more, rats may go down, and if the island was not there they would be found almost all alive in the morning, quietly swimming around; but the provision of the little island saves the trouble of killing them, because their egotistic instinct of self-preservation causes them to fight for the exclusive possession of the island, of which, in the morning, the strongest rat is found in solitary possession, all the others being killed or drowned around him."

Hearth and Home, for the 6th of July, contains directions for making traps of the kind referred to in considerable variety, which may be consulted to advantage by those who wish to experiment upon the subject.

At the meeting of the Convocation of the University of Oxford, in the middle of June, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on Dr. Samuel David Gross, Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia.

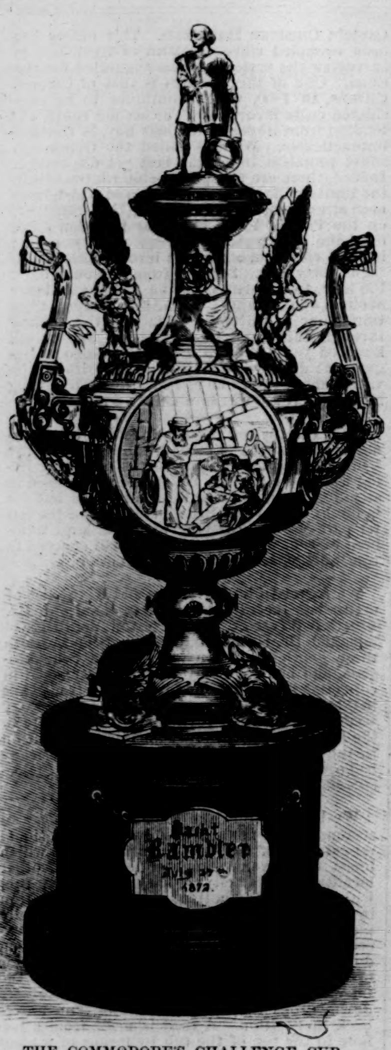
We also learn that Professor G. B. Airy, the eminent head of the Greenwich Observatory, has been gazetted as K.C.B.

Nature records the death of Mr. J. S. Enys, of Penryn. This gentleman was a large landed proprietor in the west of England, and was always ready to contribute freely to scientific objects, while at the same time devoting much of his leisure to scientific research, and preparing numerous geological and other memoirs, which have been printed in the Proceedings of the Royal Cornwall Institution. His death took place in his seventy-sixth year.

It is said that the Emperor of Russia proposes to effect the junction of the Black Sea with the Caspian, which is the lower by about 83½ feet, or that much below the level of the sea, by digging a canal only about four miles long, connecting the Manuteh, one of the eastern tributaries of the Don, with the Kerma. The total length of the route will be 460 miles, and the principal engineering labor will be in piercing the mountain which separates these rivers. This will require 32,000 workmen for a period of six years.

The Swedish arctic exploring expedition, which has probably ere this started on its mission, is under the charge of Professor Nordenskiöld, who is thus about to undertake his sixth arctic voyage. He will have two government vessels—a steamer, the *Polhem*, and a brig, the *Gladam*. The force will consist, in addition to the commander mentioned, of a Swedish lieutenant, Louis Palander, Dr. Wikander as surgeon, Dr. Olberg as physicist, and several other savants, some of whom will return on the brig in the coming autumn. The rest, however, are expected to remain till the summer of 1873. They will take with them a wooden house of seven rooms and a kitchen, to be set up at about 80° 38' north latitude. They also expect to carry with them a number of reindeer and their Lapland attendants. They will explore during the autumn the sea to the east of Spitzbergen, and prepare maps of its eastern coast, and make a continued series of meteorological observations, etc. They intend, in the summer of 1873, to penetrate the polar region, and reach, if possible, even the pole itself by means of their reindeer and sleds.

The expedition will start from Gothenburg and return thither, as a compliment to the generous liberality of the citizens of the place, who have contributed so heartily to its success.



THE COMMODORE'S CHALLENGE CUP.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY TIFFANY & CO.]

THE COMMODORE'S CHALLENGE CUP.

WE give on this page a picture of the Commodore's Challenge Cup, of the New York Yacht Club, which was recently won by the *Rambler*, belonging to Mr. JAMES M. FORBES, of the Eastern Yacht Club, of Boston. The race was open to yachts of all nations. The course was from Sandy Hook light-ship to the Brenton Reef light-ship, off Newport, and return. A series of unfortunate occurrences reduced the number of competing yachts to the *Madeline*, of the New York Yacht Club, and the *Rambler*. The other yachts that intended to enter were either unprepared or cruising in Eastern waters. The somewhat stringent conditions under which the cup is to be held, are as follows:

First. It is to be held by the winner for thirty days after the race without liability to challenge.

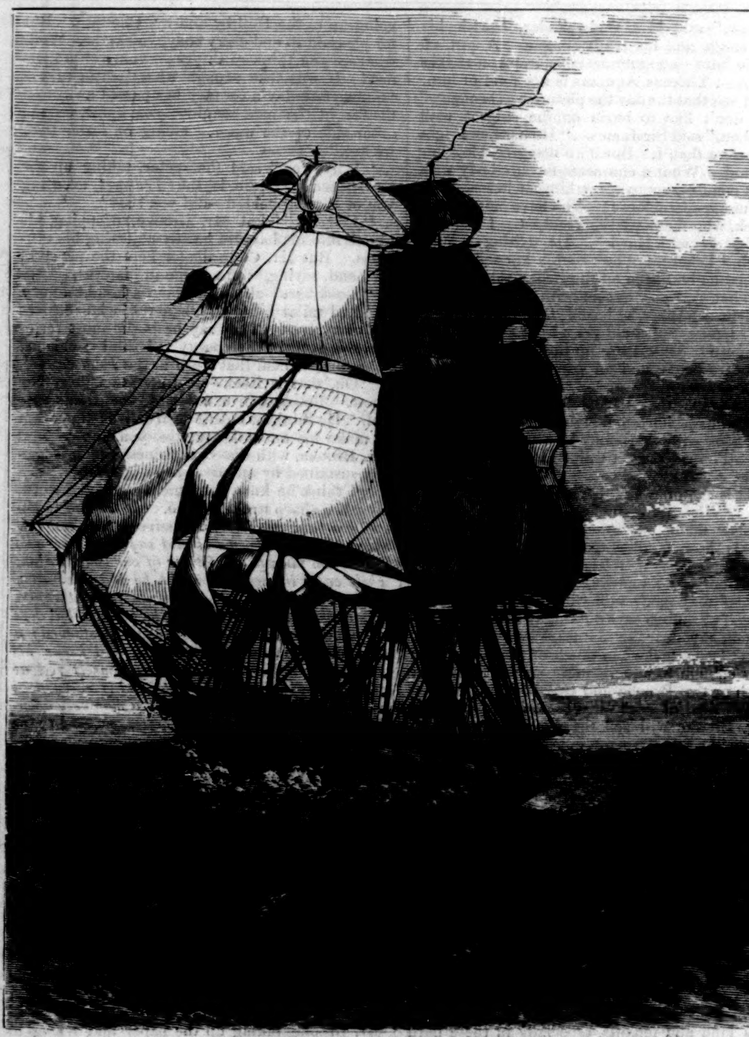
Second. Upon the expiration of that period the winner must accept any challenge, and be prepared to sail a race over the same course within fifteen days from the receipt of such challenge, or forfeit the cup to the challenger; but should any yacht succeed in holding the cup in two consecutive races during one season, it will not again be liable to challenge until the commencement of the yachting season of the following year.

Third. The yachting season in American waters in reference to this cup is understood to be from the third Thursday in June until the third Thursday in October each year.

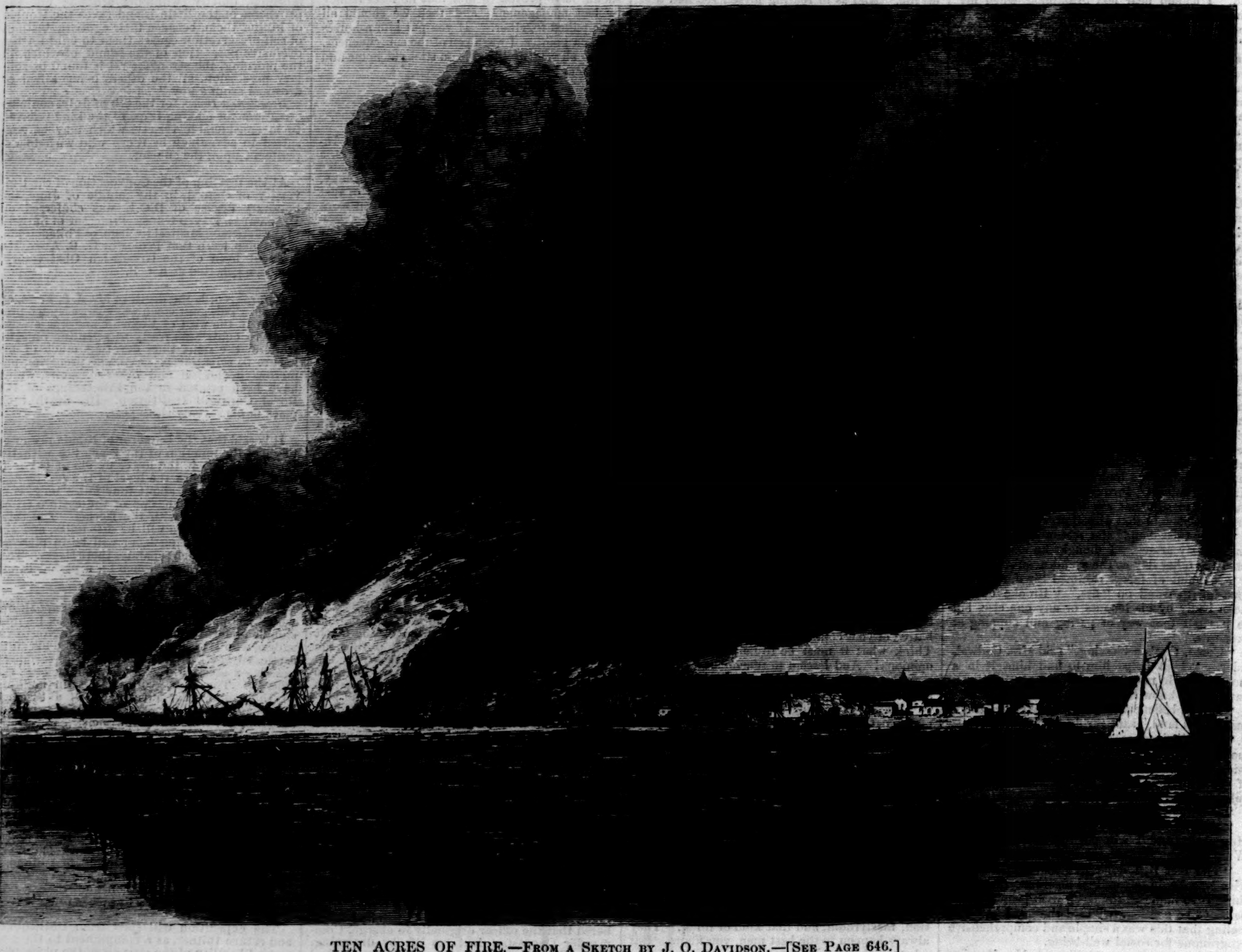
Fourth. Should a yacht holding this cup be sold out of the New York Yacht Club the cup shall not go with her, but shall be returned to the club, to be again sailed for; and if the cup should be held by a foreign yacht, and she should be sold out of the club to which she belongs, the cup shall not be sold with her, but shall be returned to the New York Yacht Club, to be sailed for again as above provided.

Fifth. In the event of the cup being held at the close of a season by a foreign yacht, the owner thereof will be liable to challenge during the season of the next year for an ocean race, over a course from the Needles, Isle of Wight, to and around a stake-boat off the harbor of Cherbourg, and return.

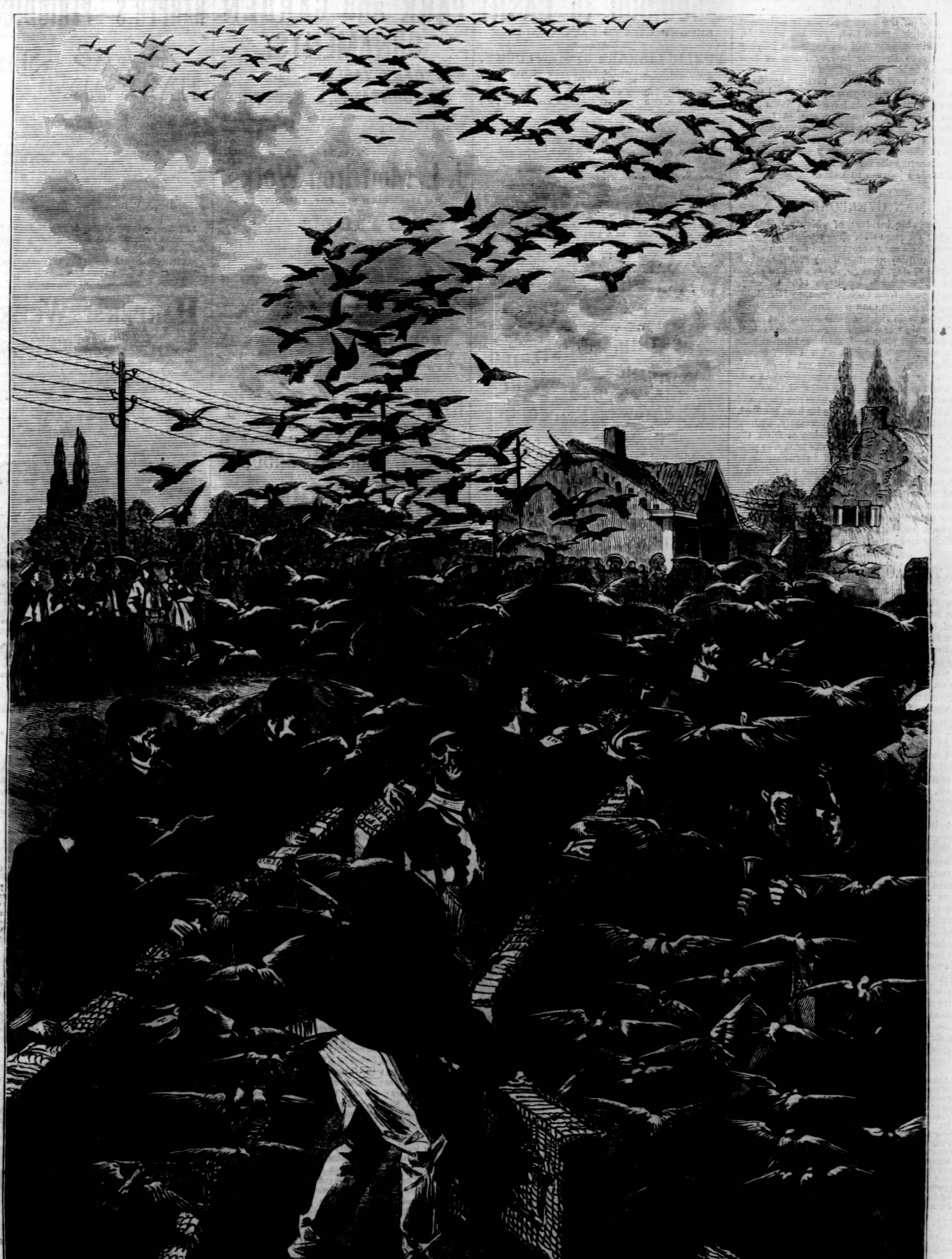
The Commodore's Challenge Cup for schooners is a beautiful urn-shaped piece, with ebony base, the whole three feet in height. Upon the ebony are shields supported by dolphins, sea-shells delicately wrought surround the base of the urn, and upon its sides are wreaths of oak leaves and acorns in bold alto-relievo. The handles are elegantly and appropriately ornamented with naval emblems, such as anchors, cables, etc.; and the whole piece is surmounted by the figure of an ancient mariner, who may represent COLUMBUS, pointing to a globe. The cup was presented last year to the New York Yacht Club by JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN. It is an elegant piece of work, and is valued at $1000.



MAN OVERBOARD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



TEN ACRES OF FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



TRAINING CARRIER-PIGEONS.

THE TRAINING OF CARRIER-PIGEONS.

The importance of utilizing carrier-pigeons was well proved by the pigeon posts which enabled the besieged Parisians to communicate with the outer world. In earlier days, when most relied upon, the pigeon dispatch was necessarily of the briefest nature; but science and art have combined to render this means of communication more complete; and now, through the effective medium of the microscope and camera, thirty-five hundred dispatches of twenty words each can be carried by one of these aerial messengers.

The present state of the pigeon societies of Belgium, where the training of carrier-pigeons forms a large business, is very interesting. The increase of railways has greatly extended the number of pigeon matches. Numerous societies, both amateur and professional, have been established in that country, and in some districts scarcely a village exists that does not possess one. Since the formation of the first society considerable improvements have been made in the means of conveying pigeons, and great care has been taken in the construction of the boxes and baskets in which they are carried.

The methods adopted by the Belgian fanciers for training the pigeons that are flown so extensively in Belgium are very severe. In the month of April, as soon as the young birds can fly, they are taken by short stages of two or three leagues at first in the direction of the place fixed for trial, and the distances rapidly increased as their observation and intelligence are developed. Thus they become eventually acquainted with all the conspicuous landmarks of the journey.

Special trains run on Saturdays exclusively for the transportation of the pigeons. The trains are ordinarily composed of twenty luggage wagons, each wagon containing fifty baskets, and each basket holding forty or fifty pigeons. Thus at the least estimation we have the number of forty thousand pigeons on a single train. It is stated that the Belgian societies possess nearly a million of these interesting birds.

At the different stations it is curious to witness the opening of the baskets: the pigeons on being released wheel and turn until they have rightly adjusted their course, then in a compact body they rise gradually higher and higher, and are soon lost to view. The first who reach their homes are the ones selected to take long journeys.

The speed of the carrier-pigeon is estimated to be about eighty miles an hour. For example, a good carrier-pigeon will accomplish a journey from Lyons to Brussels in four hours or four hours and a half.

One of the best towns for carrier-pigeons is Antwerp, and for many years past annual races of seventy or eighty birds have been flown from there to Paris. The meeting, too, at London last year showed some good results. Although the pigeons were imperfectly trained, a large number of them compared very favorably with their rivals across the Channel. Among the last, several made a journey to Rome.

MAN OVERBOARD!

The following incident, of which we give an illustration on page 644, shows what discipline and promptness may accomplish in an emergency. On Saturday evening, June 8, 1872, while the United States sloop *St. Mary's* was in about latitude 18° 30′ north, longitude 146° 40′ west, making passage from Callao, Peru, to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, a man was knocked overboard from the lee main rigging while setting the main-sail. The ship was going a large nine and a half knots, under all plain sail, starboard top-gallant and topmast studding-sails, with a stiff breeze and rough sea. The helm was put down, both life-buoys let go, and the man succeeded in getting on one of them; sail was reduced, the vessel hove to on the starboard tack, with the main and mizzen top-sails aback, and the lee boat lowered. This evolution was performed promptly, without noise or confusion. In two minutes from the time the man fell into the sea the boat was pulling away from the ship, and in twenty-seven minutes the boat returned with the man, having had to pull back a mile against the wind, and was hoisted, sail made, and the vessel filled away on her course. Under the circumstances, and without any patent lowering apparatus, this time has never been beaten, and reflects great credit on the officers and men of the *St. Mary's*.

TEN ACRES OF FLAME.

About half past ten in the forenoon of July 30 a workman on a canal-boat lying at the docks of the Standard Oil Company, Hunter's Point, lighted his pipe and threw the burning match on the floor. Every plank of the boat was saturated with oil, and the air was full of inflammable vapor. The natural result followed. The boat was instantly enveloped in flames, giving those on board barely time to escape with life; and before the people in the works fairly realized the extent of the danger the whole place was ablaze. In the yard were stored 13,000 barrels of oil, and with incredible rapidity the flames spread from tier to tier, the barrels bursting with a loud noise, until a vast column of flame shot upward and lost itself in a dense column of jet-black smoke, which luridly mounted upward and upward, until it spread out like a pall over the country round about for miles.

The Fire Department at the Point, a wretched volunteer organization, was powerless to check the progress of the flames; and yet, with almost incredible stupidity, the Chief Engineer refused assistance from the New York Fire Department, and roughly ordered back the companies that hastened to proffer help. The result was that the fire raged until there was nothing left upon which to feed, destroying property to the extent of nearly two millions of dollars. The flames spread over an area of about ten acres. Three canal-boats and several sailing vessels, which could not be removed, owing to the rapid spread of the flames, were totally destroyed. The scene at night was magnificent, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators. For several days after the fire a dense column of smoke ascended from the ruins and overspread the sky. Our illustration on page 644 was sketched from the New York side of the East River shortly after the fire had gained headway.

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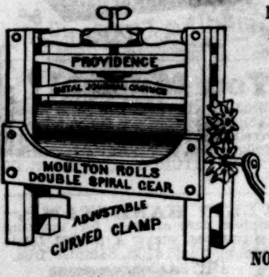

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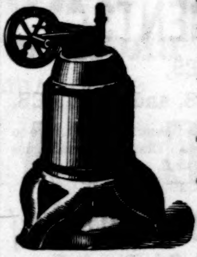

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